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The End of Whose Road?

Probably with more acute and painful clarity than any other leading politician, James Callaghan knows how quickly the weakness of sterling can ruin the hopes of a government. It nearly ended his own political career a decade ago, and it bids fair to unhinge Labour's grasp of office today. The extreme judiciousness with which he handles questions on the subject – almost, at one point on Monday night, appearing to disown the pathetic optimism of his Chancellor – reflects the reserve which a burnt child has for the fire. It is, therefore, a pity that such qualities of steadiness and avuncularity are not of the slightest use in checking our downward course. When the pound can lose several points on the basis of a report in the *Sunday Times*, and when there are people illogical enough to blame the newspaper and not the pound, it hardly matters what the Prime Minister does. And, as usual, even the admission that certain measures might now be necessary has come too late. Roy Jenkins was Chancellor of the Exchequer when it was last borne in on a Labour administration that the position of sterling as a reserve currency was absurdly exposed. There is not much virtue in disinterring that 'discovery' today.

Perhaps one reason why Mr Callaghan did not resort to denial of the reported contents of the IMF package is that he knows the value of such official statements to have plummeted in time with the currency. The unappealing figure of Mr William Simon, Secretary of the US Treasury, has been heard to repudiate the *Sunday Times* report only days after telling businessmen in Virginia that his government would be studying the terms of the loan before deciding whether to participate. As for Mr Denis Healey, it can be doubted if anybody will ever take his word for anything ever again. He is the most exploded Chancellor of the Exchequer since Reginald Maudling – the difference being that he has been found out while still in office.

This week has also sounded the knell for the social contract. Inflation will be massively stoked up by the new prices of imported goods as the exchange rate declines. And the brokers' men from the International Monetary Fund will be arriving with the same recipe as before – to extend the dole queues and abandon the social wage. It is as total a defeat as any government could expect to suffer.

There are both short- and long-term measures which could, in the world of theory, be adopted. Giving up sterling's reserve position would certainly be one of them. An economy built on planning and protection would be another. Even a fixed parity of $1.50, as foreshadowed, would at least be a humiliating but fairly reliable standard from which to conduct business. The point, however, is that all these arguments have become completely academic. When it comes to the value of our currency and the rate of exchange, Britain is no longer a self-governing country in any meaningful sense of the term. The only outstanding question remaining is: which party wants the job of stewardship for imposing the terms of the bankers? Other policies, many of them argued for by this paper, will still need to be fought for. But there is not the remotest chance of this Government adopting them now or in the future. What we need to know is: does Mr Callaghan, or any member of his cabinet, feel that there is a last ditch? Is there, in short, any cut or amendment in policy that they are not prepared to make? Mrs Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph should be faced with the same question.

Three parliamentary constituencies will next week have the chance to deliver their verdict on Labour's tenure of office. They are being asked to do so in complete ignorance of what the choices are. It would be salutary, from a democratic and a socialist point of view, if Labour were to announce that there is a limit to the amount of Tory dirty work it is prepared to do. Her Majesty's Opposition currently enjoys the luxury of criticism combined with the joy of seeing its major policies implemented. Labour cannot be expected to pay indefinitely for the consequences of Edward Heath and Anthony Barber. If the right to decide policy is going to be suspended, then what better executor than the authors themselves?

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

May We Rely on Your Vote?

It may be depressing, but you can't say that British politics at the moment is dull. Consider the last few days. On Sunday, there was the *Observer* waiting like Tom the cat beside John Cordle's mousehole. Cordle ventured out a few paces, twitched his whiskers, looked around to see if the coast was clear, and threatened a writ. At this moment an enormous mallet was brought down on his unfortunate head. The next day it appeared that the *Sunday Times* had gone too far, the pound went into a dizzy spell and the Prime Minister threatened to withdraw from Nato. On Tuesday the unemployment figures fell and we were reminded by Sheila Buckley of one of our more distinguished little scandals. I was in Walsall, visiting John Stonehouses's former constituency, when I fell into a conversation about politics. 'Funny thing,' the man said, 'but everyone seems to be talking much more about politics nowadays. Seems as if we're all becoming much more involved in it. Do you think that's a good thing?' 'I think it's probably a very necessary thing,' I said. 'It struck me the other night,' said the man, 'when I was watching this thing about China – you know, Chairman Mao, and how he always tried to keep everything on the boil, stop politics becoming too stable. I wondered whether Britain would go like that.'

He seemed quite interested in the idea, in a vague way. It might be what we needed. I asked him what he thought about Callaghan's television performance. He had not seen all of it, but he liked Callaghan. Liked him better than Wilson. Thought Callaghan firmer, more reliable, better all round. His reactions struck me in turn as exemplifying a fine sort of open mind. Callaghan or Mao? Different types of course, but then again – not *so* different. Both party men, for instance. It is said by the China-watchers that one way of telling whether a prominent politician is about to go into eclipse is to look at their photographs in *China Pictorial*. Normally they are touched up to look more youthful. On the day that their faces are realistically reproduced, with wrinkles, warts and all, you know that they are on the way out. I often wonder what equivalent tests the Chinese London-watchers use to sense what's in the air. I imagine they will have noticed, on Monday night, the way Callaghan always referred to Denis Healey as an independent agent. 'If sterling had stayed where it was,' said the Prime Minister, 'the Chancellor could have funded his debt.' He referred to his own inability to predict what would be in Healey's budget. He always distinguished between what *he* had said and what Healey had said.

It was, frankly, a superlative performance. I always give credit where credit is due, as you know, and Callaghan deserves full marks this week. There was something for everyone in what he said. I liked the bits about the troops in Germany, the measured way in which the threat was delivered, the invincible reasonableness of the man. Will strident Tories break Callaghan's composure? Probably never. Will Peter Jenkins? *Tirez l'autre jambe.* I liked the confidence too, and the moments at which Callaghan told us that he was not going to tell us about this or that. I wasn't so sure about the cheesey smiles, which were held for a few seconds as if the smiler were waiting for the photographer to find his way under the black cloth.

On the face of it, Callaghan is in big trouble. On the back of it he's in big trouble as well. The three by-elections *could* all go the wrong way, and we could be condemned to an eternal regime of late nights and three-line Whips and recriminations over pairing. The effect of losing three safe seats in one day would be felt, we may be sure, in the international money markets. So would a general election. Indeed, a vote for Labour in Walsall, Workington and Newcastle *must* be a vote for sterling. But will this be appreciated in the constituencies themselves? Each of them had its imponderables.

In Workington, which has had only two members since 1918, the question is how great a personal vote did Fred Peart have among the natural Tories and Liberals, and how large is the real Liberal vote? Not that the Liberals are likely to win, but they have only once contested the seat in recent years. That was at the last election, with a hurried campaign, no organisation, and a candidate who lived in France. Even so they polled 4,728 votes. On this occasion, with a local man, they may well split the vote but keep Labour in. In Newcastle, the imponderables are: what is the effect of Ted Short's having taken a Quango job, and what is the likelihood of a dramatic swing in such a small constituency? The Tories in Newcastle are quite realistic about their chances (which are slim) but they reckon that they'll make it a pretty close fight. It's a low-polling area, and the Tories this time have already done more canvassing than ever before. The Walsall imponderables are: how large a vote will the National Front take from Labour, and how many votes has Stonehouse already lost? The face of Sheila Buckley, smiling from the front pages this week, could not have appeared at a worse time on the streets of Walsall. 'Stonehouse betrayed our trust' is still a common feeling, and it doesn't matter that in betraying the trust of Walsall he also betrayed the Labour Party.

Of the three Labour candidates, the Newcastle man, Harry Cowans, is the least colourful. When I asked him what sort of a Labour man he was he told me that he always judged each question on its own merits. I didn't tell him (I didn't think of it in time) that there won't be any more of *that* nonsense if he gets to the Commons. David Winnick, a former MP, is fighting a left-wing campaign in Walsall; I followed him along Attlee Street, and watched him address a meeting with Peter Shore. He's a good public speaker, but too shy on the doorstep. 'May we rely on your vote?' Very little more. Practically everybody in Attlee Street said they would vote Labour. I wondered how many really would. In Workington, Labour is fielding Dale Campbell-Savours, a manufacturer of Italian marble clocks. His line is: I was educated at Keswick School, then I went out and saw the world, and I went round and what I saw was deprivation, and now I've come back home, and I want you to send me to Parliament. He doesn't, for some reason, mention the Italian marble clocks, and I must say he made my toes curl at times. But those who are working with him are unanimous about one thing: he's much better, they say, than we expected.

The constituencies make a fascinating study in industrial decay. In Walsall, the decay is in the early council housing stock. Even the best estates have a rather grim lack of amenities. Walsall, as Peter Shore reminded the small audience on Tuesday night, remains a priority area for housing. In Workington, there was once a rather fine old town. Now it is mostly boarded up, and there are vast open spaces where something new will no doubt eventually be built. The most prosperous areas of the constituency are Keswick and Cockermouth, and it is here that the Liberal and Tory candidates are fighting for the votes. The question is: will Cockermouth bring Labour down? Ted Short's old constituency lies in a thin strip along the Tyne. It includes the most revolting city centre development, with an impossible motorway complex cutting through what was once a residential and commercial area of some pretensions. I used to go there by car from Durham in my youth, and every time we crossed the Tyne bridge I would lean out of the window and be violently sick. It always happened on exactly the same spot, and I always wondered why. Looking at the map in the Labour committee room, I realised that this strange reaction came over me at the precise point where I entered Ted Short's constituency.

The child is father of the man.

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Jeremy Bray*

Carter, Callaghan and the Pound

There are two sets of pressures on the pound. The first comes from sterling holders at home and overseas who have had enough and want shot of their pounds. And the second reflects the gap between our imports and our exports. The first drives the pound far below the level of the second. It is greatly in the UK interest, and substantially in the world interest, to keep the first pressure in line with the second. But, sadly, we are near or past the point where the pound could well go down more or less indefinitely, whatever efforts we make with our economy.

We borrow in the short term, and in the longer term we may seek to fund sterling holdings – that is, take on equivalent debts in other currencies. These loans, with or without strings, are for fixed terms and fixed amounts. Neither operation specifies what we are trying to achieve, what exchange rate we are aiming at, or what it will cost us and others if we succeed or if we fail; and neither operation is a secure bulwark against speculative pressures.

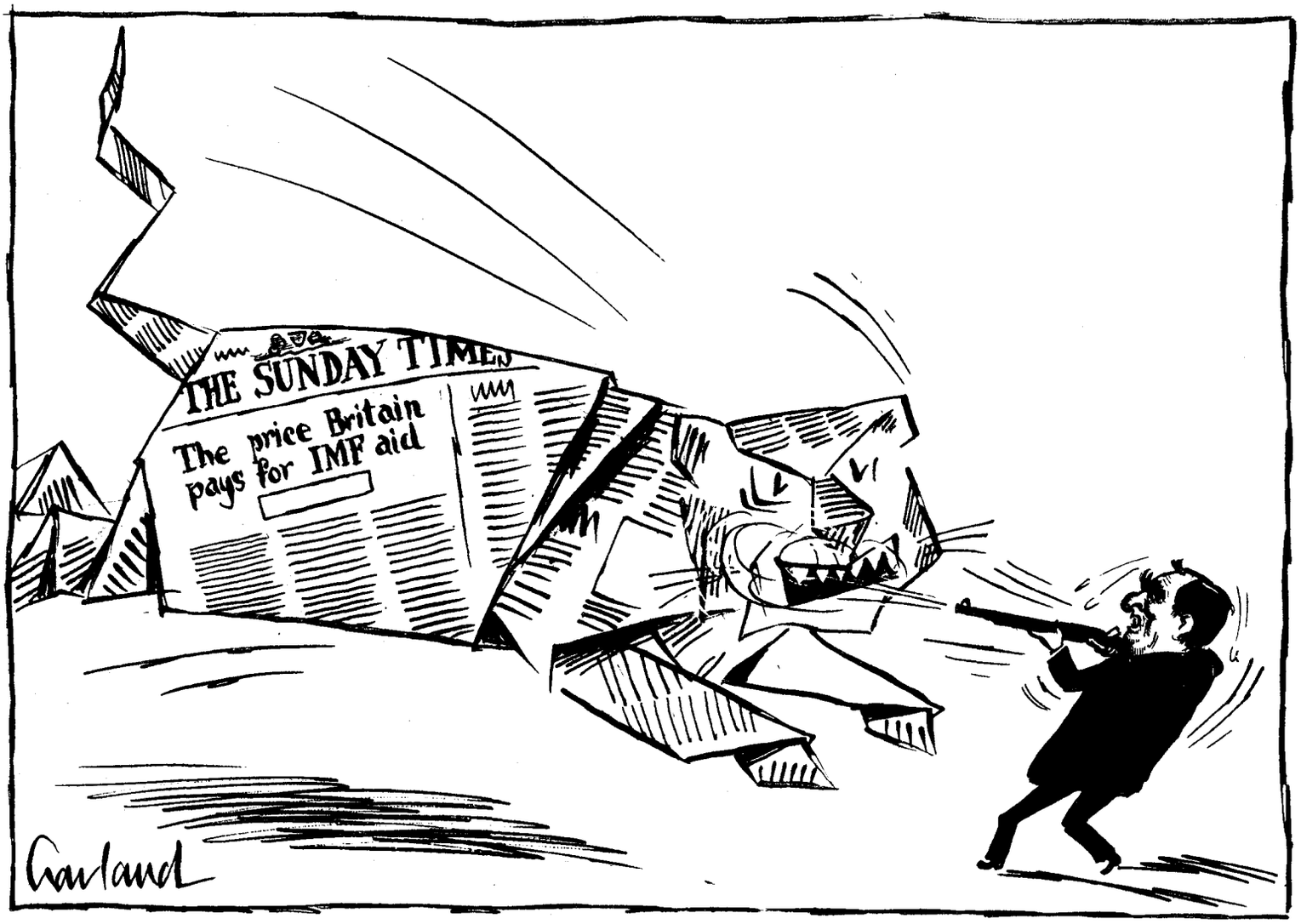
My suggestion is that we ask the IMF or the Group of Ten (effectively in any case the US and Germany) to support sterling at an exchange rate which, in the context of current and prospective UK policies, would bring the UK economy back into balance in three to five years' time. If UK policies or performance slipped, so would the exchange rate: if we succeeded better than expected, the exchange rate would rise. 'Balance', in the current climate of debate, would be bound to include a lower public sector borrowing requirement and a reasonable growth of the money supply. But it would also include the balance of payments, higher investment, growth, full employment, and reduced inflation. Progress in any respect would help the managed rate, and failure would reduce it. It would be technically wrong, in the interests and views of the guarantors, to limit the considerations to monetary variables.

The key question is how and who would decide what exchange rate at any time would bring the economy back into balance, given other UK policies and performance? It would have to be the IMF or the guarantor governments, with whatever representations we cared to make. It is not necessary to get the answer very accurately. The rate would track around the right level.

And would this be surrendering control of our economy? I do not think so. At present, speculators decide the exchange rate. We do not have the resources to manage our own exchange rate. We would be gaining the opportunity of running our economy sensibly, and taking the consequences if we do not. Is it asking too much of the US and Germany? They would avoid the dislocation of world trade at little cost if we succeed, and would incur the minimum cost if we fail. We do not ask for colossal credits, for the total funding of large sterling holdings, or for commitment to a fixed rate. We do not claim to do all the exchange-rate management and trading in sterling ourselves.

The crucial question is the attitude of the US, which will be clearer after the US presidential election, with Jimmy Carter still the likely winner. He has said little during the campaign. He prays and reads the Bible, which seems reasonable to me, but sophisticated journalists cannot figure that out. On duty he thinks like a submarine commander: these are the operating routines, they do not guarantee success; if they fail these are the fall-back routines, and so on. It is a mode of thinking which matches him

Jeremy Bray is Labour MP for Motherwell. From 1962-70 he was MP for Middlesbrough West; he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Technology from 1967-69.



Paper tiger

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well with Lawrence Klein, his chief economic adviser and a key figure for Britain.

Klein (of the Wharton School in the University of Pennsylvania) is well known to economists in Britain, but little known to politicians, civil servants and journalists. He is president-elect of the American Economic Association, the pioneer national economy model-builder, and the mind behind the Wharton model-based forecasts, to the quarterly conferences on which come representatives of the producers of over half the US GNP. He is a more distinguished figure than any economist employed in any US Administration since Kennedy's. He did a spell in Oxford after the war, and knows the countries behind the statistics. He presides over LINK, a project financed by the IMF, which brings together national economy models built and maintained in major industrial countries, including Jim Ball's London Business School model. Unlike too many senior economists, Klein still works on the tools, and keeps up to date technically.

Redesigning Government

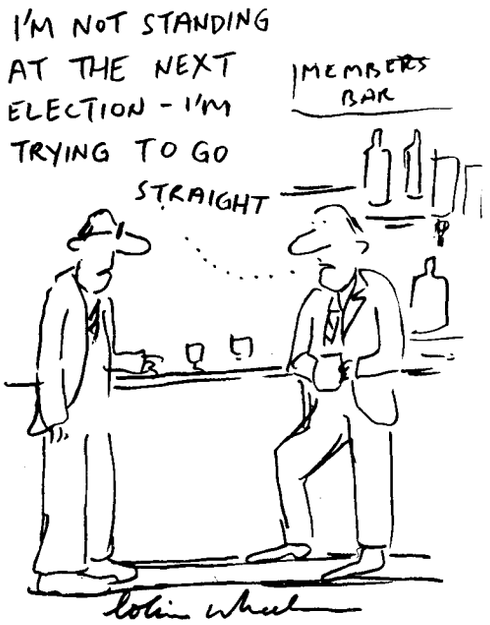
British governments have never lacked economic advice. When I entered Parliament in the early Sixties, I felt in no position to judge it, having come straight out from underneath the boilers in ICI, without the experience of the Labour movement bureaucracies in which Bill Rodgers, Shirley Williams, Peter Shore, David Ennals, Merlyn Rees and others had cut their teeth. But if all those economic advisers were going to plan the economy, presumably they would need information to do so. So with Richard Stone, who had been personal assistant to Keynes and had invented national accounts, and others, I redesigned the government statistical system on lines we later largely carried out. But in the process, and subsequently as a minister, it gradually dawned on me that no one in government in Britain had a very clear idea how to use the information anyway.

Unlike my colleagues (who had mostly read PPE or arts subjects – enormous fun but surely for pleasant relaxation after work) I had trained as a mathematician. I researched under J. E. Littlewood, the doyen of that generation of British mathematicians. It was like doing sculpture in diamonds – heartbreaking but brilliant. I was not very good, but the standards J. E. set were those of such former students as Wiener, who produced the first feedback control law, and Türing, who invented the logical theory of computers. Littlewood, who happily is still with us, was himself Senior Wrangler, the top Cambridge First, in 1906, the year when Keynes also graduated in mathematics well down the list of Firsts. I then attended Shannon's original information theory seminars at MIT, and went on to carry out the first computer control experiments in ICI, on full-scale plants. With such a background, the basic method in economic management or planning, whether short- or medium-term, seemed to me when I arrived in Parliament somewhat odd. The method – known to control theorists as predictive control – was, and still is, that forecasts are prepared of the consequences of alternative policies, and that the policy is chosen which gives the most acceptable forecast.

Unfortunately, such a method can be destabilising, and in any case gives no indication of the range of possible out-turns. What happens is that very soon the out-turn departs from the forecast, fresh forecasts are prepared, and policies are adjusted. To argue correctly, it is necessary whenever adjusting policy to allow for the fact that at future times the policy will not be what we now expect it will be at that time, but instead will be set in the light of events between now and then, which will differ from what we now expect. A way through the maze can be found because the policy-maker's priorities will remain consistent although circumstances will compel him to follow changing policies. The argument is developed in the mathematics of stochastic (that is statistical or probabilistic) control theory.

Control theory applications in economics had been initiated by A. W. Phillips at the LSE and Theil in Holland in the Fifties, but practical developments had to await advances in control theory itself. In 1970 a young research student at Cambridge, David Livesey, and another at MIT, Bob Pindyck, were applying deterministic control theory to national economy models. But the uncertainties in economics are so enormous, that stochastic rather than deterministic control is needed.

When I lost my seat in 1970 I decided to have a go myself, and Maurice Peston, the Queen Mary College economist, and John Westcott, the Imperial College control theorist, willingly joined in a three-year SSRC research project, which succeeded in demonstrating the possibilities. We tried but failed to interest the economic Establishment in Britain. The arguments expected from politicians in the use of control theory methods are simpler than with present predictive policy-making methods: but the technical detail of the methods make demands on the mathematical ability of economists which few British economists are able to meet.



Fortunately parallel work was going ahead in many places in the United States. The first leading applied economist to grasp the possibilities was Lawrie Klein, attending a conference at Warwick at which we were presenting our work. No economist from the Treasury, the Bank of England, or the National Institute, nor any British economic correspondent attended that or any of the other admittedly fairly tough conferences in this field in Britain or the United States over those five years.

Klein now has substantial control-theory applications running on his national economy models at Wharton, and other major US forecasting teams are following suit. During the US presidential election campaign, as chief economic adviser to Jimmy Carter, Klein has had to be reticent. But he tells me the sentiment is ripe for discussing formal model applications for sensible policy conclusions. He is of course monitoring policies, through his own models, at the present time.

The strategy for managing the exchange rate for the pound which I outlined is an example of the type of thinking that emerges from the use of control theory. To work out the strategy in detail does call for the use of specific control theory methods. But with Klein's help, we could rig up some improvistion pretty quickly.

Jim Callaghan can choose. He can listen to the never ending academic debates in Britain. Or, accepting that if Carter wins he will have to do a deal with him anyway, Callaghan can reckon that he will get a better deal by speaking the language of Carter and his advisers. I have no doubt myself it is a more powerful language, politically and in economic effect, as well as intellectually. It will be more difficult to get an answer – but still worth trying – even if Ford wins.

Hundreds of Equations

In fact the position in Britain is not totally unprepared. With the help of the *Tribune* Group and the Opposition I had to defeat my own government in the Report Stage of the Industry Bill in 1975, so as to get the Treasury to look seriously at control theory methods. But they have now set up a committee on policy optimisation under Jim Ball. It is working away but will not report for many months yet. The Treasury have also sent a man to Wharton to learn the details of Klein's methods.

Then, also, many commentators have now grasped the fact that to make forecasts, and to choose the policy that gives the most acceptable forecast, is a hazardous proceeding. Peter Jay, Wynn Godley, Sam Brittan and others have all put forward their policy rules. But they should go back and read that excellent chapter on the methodology of economics in Friedman's *Essays in Positive Economics*, and then read Popper to see where Friedman did not go quite far enough, and has not always followed his own precepts. Still less have his disciples. The painstaking test of economic theory through hundreds of equations with a thoroughness never attempted by model-builders in Britain, to find out what we do not know as well as what we do know, produces policy rules in which public ex-

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penditure, or borrowing, or the money supply, should be adjusted not just in the light of one or two simple variables. Rather they should depend on scores of considerations as practical politicians know very well, and as Klein and others have clearly demonstrated.

Many economists have much wisdom to contribute to thrashing out a practicable strategy for the pound. But before they rush to their typewriters to dismiss the relevance of control theory, perhaps they would read Astrom, Chow and Aoki or even my own papers – or at least admit they have not done so. It would be defeatist and mistaken to suppose there is no light, no rationality, to guide us in these difficult days.

Patrick Seale

Death of an Arab 'Soviet'

Times are lean for Arab communists. Massacred in recent years in Iraq and the Sudan, muzzled in Syria and Egypt, hunted down in the mountains of Dhofar, they are proscribed throughout Arabia, save in the southernmost tip of the peninsula where the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen (PDRY) soldiers on against great, and worsening, odds.

South Lebanon is one other place where Arab communists have made a bid for power. For a month or two late this summer and autumn a People's Democratic Republic of Lebanon almost came into being on the shores of the eastern Mediterranean to match the PDRY at the mouth of the Red Sea. For a moment Moscow was tempted. The Soviet navy badly needs naval facilities in the Mediterranean, and Sidon seemed there for the taking. To have secured this port and a defensible hinterland as an armed haven for Palestinians and Communists alike would have been a stinging retort to Dr Kissinger's declared objective of 'expelling' the Russians from the Middle East. In a general carve-up of Lebanon, with the Maronites claiming their own state, a PDRL under Soviet protection did not seem such a fantasy. It might have given the Russians a powerful card to play in any overall peace-making.

But Moscow hesitated and chose caution, ignoring the anguished pleas of its local supporters. The stakes were too high; the proposed enclave too fragile; the forces ranged against it too powerful. Russia risked by such a move not only a general confrontation with the United States but also an immediate Israeli intervention and a total breach with Syria. Just as a separate Maronite state in Mount Lebanon was never really a starter, whatever some Maronites may have thought, so an Arab 'Soviet' in the south was also doomed pretty well from the start, despite the hopes and dreams of the men who fought and died there not just in the last 18 months of civil war but in the years since 1968-1969 when the Communist-Palestinian alliance was first forged.

This week's Cairo summit, and the Riyadh conference which immediately preceded it, have given the political *coup de grace* to this experiment in embattled Marxism. At the same time the Israelis, by helping the Christians mop up leftist strong-points and by sending in their own patrols, have been making quite sure that the military threat from the Palestinian-Communist alliance is well and truly extinguished – at least in the immediate border areas.

An important page is being turned in the turbulent history of the area. After much behind-the-scenes preparation and high-level United States encouragement, Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Syria have set up a sort of political directorate over Arab affairs, with a common programme for the future of Lebanon and the Palestinians. Its main provisions are as follows:

(1) The Palestinian resistance movement must end its fighting alliance with the Lebanese Left (which will thus face isolation and defeat).

(2) To retain his position as PLO chairman, Yasser Arafat must preside over the political and military emasculation of the Resistance: in other words, he must discipline his anarchic movement, see to it that the guerrillas return to their camps and give up their heavy weapons. If Arafat cannot do the job, he must go. The one thing Sadat, Assad and King Khalid of Saudi Arabia are most solidly agreed upon is that a radicalised Palestinian movement must never be allowed to threaten the peace of the area or spark off a war with Israel; the initiative for peace or war must in future lie squarely with the Arab states.

(3) On the ground in Lebanon, Syria's prime role in keeping the peace, containing the Palestinians and propping up President Sarkis is acknowledged. The Syrian-Egyptian reconciliation means that Syria will no longer attack the second Sinai disengagement agreement and in return Egypt recognises Syria's 'special interest' in Lebanon. The Palestinians will no longer be able to play off one against the other.

Of course, it is one thing to legislate, quite another to force events into such neat patterns. There are a thousand pitfalls on the road to Arab harmony. Sadat and Assad have made up their differences, but their rivalry for regional hegemony remains. Some Maronite leaders, blinded by vindictive hate for the Palestinians and unwilling to recognise Syria's contribution to their own victory, may fight on, forcing Syria to deal with them as it has already dealt with the Resistance. A hard core of Communists, *gauchistes* and Rejection Front Palestinians may defy Arafat and his Arab mentors and hold out in a South Lebanon redoubt, reducing the Riyadh and Cairo agreements to so much waste paper. To flush them out would be politically very costly, but the radicals, in Masada mood, may leave the Arab regimes no other option – may even court such martyrdom for the future of their cause.

What makes the Left's situation all the more poignant is that it had a state within its grasp. By April this year the Left and their Palestinian allies had overrun 80 per cent of Lebanon and it was the Maronites, besieged in their mountains, who had their backs to the wall. Then came the Syrian intervention, turning the tide of war, and Assad's long campaign – political as well as military – to wrest the Palestinians from alliance with the Left.

On 31 July, seeing the Palestinians – and therefore most of their army – slipping from their grasp, the leaders of the Left set up a 'provisional government'. It may have been a last desperate gesture to persuade Moscow that they meant business and bring about the Soviet intervention they longed for. In today's climate of Arab *realpolitik*, the Left's experiment looks a museum piece, like Bela Kun's short-lived Hungarian Soviet of 1919; but for a few weeks it had a certain kind of quixotic reality.

Kamal Jumblatt – the Druze feudal leader turned Gandhian socialist, who has been fronting for the Communists since he legalised the party in 1970 – became 'head of state'. Below him were five vice-presidents, each heading a fighting militia. The executive secretary of the 'provisional government' – in effect the 'prime minister' – was Muhsin Ibrahim, one of the ablest men on the Left whose role in the civil war has not been sufficiently recognised. He heads the Organisation for Communist Action, to the left of the CP but in close alliance with it, which must take much of the credit for plaiting together all the strands of radicalism in Lebanese and Palestinian politics. At Ibrahim's command in the 'provisional government' were some 18 'commissars' with ministerial responsibility. Plans were drawn up for establishing foreign 'embassies' in such friendly countries as Bulgaria and Libya.

From March onwards the Leftist-Palestinian alliance had in fact been the main authority in West Beirut – where all the principal ministries of the Lebanese government are located – and in the South. They handled internal security, telephone and postal communications, food and fuel supplies. They levied customs duties at Tyre and Sidon. That they did all these things with gross incompetence and much corruption lost them popular support, but when they actually turned themselves into a government – and a government so alien to anything Lebanon had ever known – the traditional Muslim leadership was roused to active opposition. Now, the defection of the mainstream Palestinians, brought about by combined Arab pressure, has robbed Kamal Jumblatt's rickety administration of any semblance of credibility.

Jumblatt is a great survivor: he has his unshakeable Druze constituency, his reform programme is likely to become state policy, and most important, President Sarkis needs him as a local counterweight to the powerful Phalange. But the outlook for his far-Left allies is bleak indeed.

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Llew Gardner

A Comrade's Point of Departure

'If You Hate the KGB – Clap Your Hands,' chanted the Scots football fans in Prague earlier this month and the sad, prosaic Czechs, embarrassed by this reminder of their true rulers, looked the other way and concentrated their thoughts, doubtless, on dumplings. The Scots' raucous defiance of authority had about it a recklessness quite alien to their hosts' nature. The Hungarians, I suspect, would have provided a more appreciative audience. But then I am bound to cherish romantic notions about the Hungarians. They – and their uprising – changed my life.

In 1956, when the rest of the British Labour movement was united in condemning the Suez folly, the British Communist party was riven with argument over the Russian invasion of Hungary. To the hard-liners it was the necessary crushing of a counter-revolution. To many it was the betrayal of all they had believed. In the offices of the *Daily Worker*, where I worked as a reporter, the mood of the moment was caught by my friend and colleague Leon Griffiths, who arrived for one morning editorial conference waving the Hungarian flag with the Red Star cut from the middle. Thus the flag was being waved in the faces of Russian soldiers in the streets of Budapest. But in Farringdon Road our mood and view of events fluctuated wildly from day to day. On that morning I recall joining the news editor, a tough ex-merchant navy man, in condemning Leon's action as 'emotionalism'. Every day our attitudes and beliefs were being put to a unique test. Older members of the staff were near to weeping. Younger reporters felt frustrated and angry.

To understand the crises of conscience which we endured, it is necessary to understand something of the mental make-up of a home-grown communist. The American radical author Howard Fast remarked that those who join the Communist Party (he was talking specifically, I think, of Britain and America) are in the process of leaving from the day they join – yet some people stay in the party all their lives. By which I take him to mean that to join such a minority party requires 101 per cent conviction but very soon this total belief is watered down; becoming, very often, a weary acceptance of the party line because the alternatives seem little better.

For many of us on the *Daily Worker* the watering-down process had begun in earnest with Krushchev's denunciation of Stalin at the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. It was the confirmation of what many of us had feared was the truth but had concealed from each other and refused to recognise for ourselves. Suddenly the Friday morning conference, presided over by the editor, Johnny Campbell, became – for the first time in the paper's history – a forum of real political debate. Urgently King Street sought to screw down the lid. Their efforts were in vain. We had too many questions to be silenced or fobbed off with more lies.

At one meeting I inquired of Johnny Campbell whether we should now regard the party's most famed student and historian of Soviet affairs, as a liar or as a fool. There was no answer. Another emotional outburst. At one particular meeting, an article by R. Palme Dutt in *Labour Monthly* came under discussion. Palme Dutt, who had been revered as the party's foremost Marxist thinker, had enraged many of us by saying, amazingly, that only an inveterate Mithras worshipper should be surprised at the discovery of spots on the sun. On this occasion Johnny Campbell sensed the mood of his staff and was moved to remark: 'When Rajee talks of Mithras worshippers he should recall who was the High Priest of the cult.' For a moment it seemed as if even this tough, yet kindly Scot, whose vision of the party's goal was always tinged with greater idealism than the Soviet truth, might find his own inner conflict too great to contain. It was not to be. He had suffered and gone to prison for the party. Where else could he go? It was a dilemma that bothered all of us. The party survived on its constant appeal to loyalty. To leave was to betray. Worse, it was to be branded as a traitor by people who had been friends and working companions.

The debate was nurtured by the publication of the *Reasoner* edited by E. P. Thompson and John Saville, dissidents with impeccable Marxist credentials. King Street fell back on abuse and men and women who had served the party well found themselves scorned with the most hideous of party curses – branded as 'middle-class intellectuals'. King Street pulled its cloth cap over its ears and hoped that the noise would go away.

Slowly it did. On the *Daily Worker* there was a paper to be got out. There were some questions which would not be answered. The party bosses made half-hearted promises to adopt a more critical stance towards the Soviet Union. The Hungarian uprising was the first great test of that promise. Cynically, inevitably, the promise was broken.

Leon Griffiths had worked in Hungary in the early Fifties and would have been the natural reporter to send to report to the *Daily Worker*'s readers on the political changes taking place in Hungary. But in the eyes of King Street Leon, like myself, was suspect. The rebellious natures which had brought us into the party also made us figures of suspicion. Instead Johnny Campbell turned to Peter Fryer, a young reporter of considerable skill whose loyalty had never been questioned.

Of all the reporters, Peter Fryer was the one least tarred with what King Street liked to refer to as Fleet Street cynicism. If a rebellious nature had brought him into the party he had become a dedicated servant of the party's authority. He had taught himself a firm grasp of Marxist economic theory. He had an alert ear for anti-party jokes and devised a scheme where we could all purchase the collected works of Josef Stalin for sixpence a week. Years later, when a young Scots actor named Sean Connery had become my lodger, those 13 volumes came in useful to hold up one corner of a second-hand double bed he had purchased.

But Peter Fryer had one attribute that ought to have rung a warning bell in King Street. He was a superb reporter. He crossed into Hungary from Austria and within hours the rigid disciplines of the party had been overcome by his sense of journalistic truth. In a village he witnessed a public lynching of a secret policeman by those he had helped to oppress. In Budapest he saw the Russian tanks crushing the lives and will of a people. I have never spoken at any length with him about his feelings at that

The cartoon that the Daily Worker *suppressed*

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time. Yet the truth must have been terrible.

He put down what he had seen and filed it to the *Daily Worker*. The dispatches became banned reading. Instead of being distributed in the normal way every copy of his story was rushed to the editor's room. Those who had access were forbidden to speak of what Fryer had written. The word was out that he was suffering from a nervous breakdown. It would hardly have been surprising if he had.

As the fighting in Budapest became fiercer Peter Fryer went with other journalists to seek asylum in the British Embassy. There, to add to his personal torment, he was hectored and lectured on the evils of his fractured faith by Her Majesty's representative. Journalists, more compassionate than the diplomats, dissuaded him from taking to the shell-scarred streets. Peter, no mean pianist, played out the uprising with jazz on the embassy piano.

He never returned to the *Daily Worker* office. His story of what he had seen and his own transmogrification was published in the *Daily Express*. It was all the proof the party bosses required that he had sold out to the class enemy. The armoury of tired clichés available for such occasions was opened up and dusted for use. To King Street, Peter Fryer had become a non-person.

But while Peter was playing the piano in the British Embassy in Budapest the conflict within the *Daily Worker* was reaching breaking point for many of us. Unauthorised versions of what he had written were circulated. Other reports were flooding in. This time we knew who was doing the lying.

My moment of truth had come as I listened to Nye Bevan at the anti-Suez rally in Trafalgar Square. As the great Welsh cadences rolled across the square the hypocrisy of my own position became blindingly clear. I can remember Nye, finger stabbing the sky, saying 'it may be that Eden actually believes what he is doing to be right . . .' He paused. Waited, with the timing of a great conductor, for the inevitable heckle. It came. 'He does,' shouted a man in the front of the huge crowd. Nye accepted the gift with gratitude. 'In that case he is too stupid to be Prime Minister of this country.' Collapse of heckler. But what of a stupidity that led to the acceptance of a greater folly? It was not possible to condemn one aggression and support another. If I filed a story that afternoon I have forgotten every word of what I wrote. It was time to go.

Yet the old loyalties retained their tug. We lingered on even after Janós Kádar and the Soviet tanks had combined to bury the last remnants of the Hungarian people's resistance. Hoping for a miracle. Hoping that even at this late hour the party leaders would find it within themselves to condemn this obscenity. Jimmy Friell – 'Gabriel' the cartoonist to the paper's readers – was the first to go. He had submitted a cartoon (published for the first time on the page opposite) branding both the British and the Russians as aggressors. It was his personal touchstone. If that cartoon was published he would stay. It was suppressed.

At a staff meeting the hard-liners had their day. One Scots sub-editor, of minimum journalistic talent, echoed the thoughts of King Street when he demanded that the dissidents should not be allowed to resign but should be expelled. More in sadness than in the hope of changing anything the older men and women who had served the paper so long and so well made their final speeches. Jimmy Friell spoke, walked from the meeting and the building never to return. He left 20 years of his life behind him. One by one, in the days that followed, some seven of us made the same exit. A rare moment of humour was provided by the women's page editor, Sheila Lynd, who announced that on top of everything else she was sick of being considered not quite *bottom* drawer.

King Street did not mourn our going: If You Hate the Middle-Class Intellectuals – Clap Your Hands.

Anthony Howard

Memoirs of a Suez Warrior

'Some of you may wonder what all this has achieved' – the words were General Sir Hugh Stockwell's and they crackled over the ship's tannoy aboard the S.S. *Dilwara* as 20 years ago next month my own personal war came to an end. What the 'Edebras Furioso' expedition (as Vicky called it) had, of course, achieved was the blocking of the Suez canal, the killing at a conservative estimate of some 600 Egyptians, the loss of just about 50 British and French servicemen and the eventual fall of the Prime Minister of the day, Sir Anthony Eden.

It was hardly the lion's roar the British Army had been looking forward to six weeks earlier. If no one else believed in 'Operation Musketeer' – the War Office's code name for the joint Anglo-French attack on Egypt in the autumn of 1956 – at least my colleagues in the officers' ante-room of Connaught Barracks, Dover did. I had arrived there to join the 1st Bn Royal Fusiliers in mid-October 1956. Already the martial mood in the Mess was not so much one of excitement and anticipation as one of impatience and frustration. All the battalion's heavy equipment and most of its ordinary stores had been riding at anchor in the bay at Milford Haven since early August; 350 'Z' reservists (three-year engagement men liable to be recalled to the colours in any emergency) had been growing increasingly restive marching up the hill and down again over the past two months; and the politicians, it was agreed over the Mess silver every night, were simply making a botch of things. What Nasser needed was 'a damn good kick up the arse' – and I was left in no doubt that 'the seventh of foot' was ready and eager to deliver it.

Until I actually found myself armed with a sten-gun leading my platoon out of a tank-landing-craft into the water at Port Said I was convinced it would never happen. Perhaps the truth was that, Suez completely apart, I had not ever quite adjusted to what was expected of me in regimental life. I have in front of me as I write the now yellowing document that was handed to me on the day I arrived in Dover. Headed 'To Officers on First Joining' its contents seemed to me extraordinary then and cannot help seeming quite incredible today. My own favourite phrase from it has always been 'All officers should at least be able to ride a horse with confidence whether or not they intend to hunt' – but there was plenty more of the same kind (including a concluding *coda* that could easily come straight out of *Conduct Unbecoming*: 'The Regiment is the golden thread which, from the moment we are privileged to join, runs through all our lives, binds us together and inspires us'). By the end of October 1956 I already felt pretty much a stranger in an alien land – and within a week that was precisely what I was to be.

On Tuesday 30 October I had, with a couple of other subalterns, gone down into the town to have dinner. When we left the barracks all was calm and tranquil – the Anglo-French ultimatum had gone out that evening but news of it had certainly not yet reached our lowly point in the battalion command structure. But when we got back the atmosphere unmistakably was one of 'telegrams and anger'. Mobilisation, we were briskly and exultantly told, had at last been ordered. We would be leaving at 4.30 a.m. and would, with the rest of the 29th Brigade, be embarking 'for an unknown destination' (this with heavy, almost minatory emphasis) from Southampton the next day. Something less than exultantly I went upstairs to pack and remember looking gloomily at my kit-bag lying limp in one corner of the room: if I put everything I was going to need in it, wouldn't the things I really wanted invariably turn out to be at the bottom? In a moment of defiance – or perhaps simply of imprudence (the dinner had been quite a good one) – I resolved not to take it and to go to war instead with a suitcase. It was a decision that was to haunt the rest of my army career: thereafter whenever a company commander or an adjutant wished to tear me off a strip, the lecture would always end with: 'And what's more, as we all know, you never have the right kit.'

For the moment, however, once my company commander had managed to overcome his early morning apoplexy, the suitcase decision was clearly a wise one. On board the £10-a-passage immigrant liner *New Australia* (commandeered for invasion purposes by the War Office) we were sleeping nine in four-berth cabins; and the suitcase at least, unlike a kit-bag, could get under one of the bunks, thereby allowing five of us to sleep on the floor. It had, in fact, been a pretty chaotic and disorganised departure, with the 'Z' reservists in particular demanding to be told how they were expected to let their wives know that they wouldn't be

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home on their normal weekend leave-pass, after all. They were understandably feeling distinctly morose and aggrieved since most of them were getting army pay that amounted to about one quarter of what they had been earning in civvy street. Nor was their mood much improved by the launching, once we had passed Gibraltar, of hour-long sessions each morning known as 'battle-warmers for the troops'. At these field officers with toothbrush moustaches and clipped voices could be heard making such remarks as: 'Now if you think of Johnnie Gyppo as a rat you won't be far wrong – but never forget a rat in a corner can be a pretty ugly customer.' (Although we were still notionally going to war to 'separate the combatants', I cannot recall a single remark – of that type or any other – being made about the Israelis.)

Why was it, I used to wonder afterwards, that I never rebelled – that I did not even make a small token demonstration in support of the 30,000 people who gathered in Trafalgar Square on Sunday 4 November to 'stop Eden's war'? An easy excuse, I suppose, is that on a troopship ploughing its way across the Mediterranean you have very little idea of what is going on: we knew little or nothing of the happenings in Hungary and the only time I can recall the ship's loudspeakers system being used for a radio broadcast was to bring us Eden's own address to the nation on the night of Saturday 3 November (Gaitskell the next night was not given the same privilege: his audience, a very hostile one, was confined to the officers' verandah deck).

Another factor behind my passive inactivity may conceivably have been my growing conviction that the whole business was going to come to nothing anyway. And there at least I turned out to be right. Even by the time we waded ashore at Port Said, the cease-fire had already been announced and the war was, to all intents and purposes, over. We were an army of occupation, not an expeditionary force – and even when we were sent up for ten days to the 'front-line' at El Cap, it was all more like being in a road company production of *Journey's End* rather than anything from real life.

By then, indeed, under the baleful eyes of the UN observers, the most serious military offence had become firing a shot – my own battalion having succeeded in firing all too many, and thus having to return to Britain with 12 men wounded (none of them victims of the enemy). The voyage back was in every way different from the voyage out. This time it was the majors and above who were morose and aggrieved – and the 'Z' reservists who were jubilant and cheerful. I had taken a bet on the day we landed at Port Said that we would be home by Christmas – and we were with a week to spare.

Back in Dover we marched up the hill to the barracks with flags flying and the regimental band that had come to greet us bravely playing. But no one, not even the loyal citizenry of Dover, was taken in. It was left to a small child at Dover Marine station to blurt out the truth, as children will. 'What,' she said nonchalantly sucking a sweet, 'were you kicked out or something?' It was not just the end of my personal war: it was also the End of Empire.

Mary Holland

Moment of Irish Truth

One of those telling details in the latest Irish crisis, remarkable to the outsider but almost unnoticed locally, was to hear a serving officer in the Irish army explaining on the radio that in the present constitutional fracas he, like most other officers, backed the Minister for Defence against the Irish President, Caerbhall O'Dalaigh. It was the loquacious Mr Donegan's description of the President as a 'thundering disgrace', in a speech given at the opening of a new cookhouse, which caused Mr O'Dalaigh to resign. The Irish President is the Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, yet no one here seemed to think it particularly odd that a serving officer should be solicited for his views on radio and, in the middle of a constitutional crisis, should come down against his Commander-in-Chief.

This freedom of the airwaves is the more striking when one considers how assiduous the Irish government, and in particular the minister in charge of broadcasting, Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien, has been in restricting the freedom of Irish journalists to talk to or about subversives. By coincidence his latest directive, banning even reports of interviews with spokesmen for the Provisional Sinn Fein, came on the very day that the Defence Minister gave his cookhouse opinions of the head of state.

The present rumpus is shot through with particularly Irish contradictions in which the crucial issues very often get lost in the tribal rivalries of the main personalities involved. To explain why the issues are important it is worth recapping briefly the events which led to Mr Donegan's outburst at Mullingar. The Defence Minister's criticism of the President stemmed from Mr O'Dalaigh's decision to refer one part of the Government's recent package of tough anti-IRA measures to the Irish Supreme Court to judge whether or not it was constitutional. This was the Emergency Powers Act, which gives the police power to hold people for seven days without charging them.

The Irish constitution, which is written, lays down very carefully that the President is the final guardian of the constitution. In deciding to refer the legislation to the Supreme Court Mr O'Dalaigh – himself an ex-Chief Justice, a judge at the European Court and a constitutional lawyer of international repute – was acting quite within his powers. Moreover he only took this step after consultation with the Council of State, a varied body of politicians, lawyers and assorted wise elders of the state. In due course the Supreme Court ruled that the new Bill was within the constitution, but it also registered a number of important qualifications to safeguard the civil rights of individuals who might be held, and its own position in any state of emergency. Within hours of this ruling being given the President signed the Bill and it became law. In other words, in the opinion of most constitutional lawyers Mr O'Dalaigh was not only within his rights in referring the matter to the Supreme Court but his anxieties were vindicated by their ruling. This is also the official public view of the Government as expressed by the Minister of Justice, though clearly there are dissenters.

But Mr O'Dalaigh's action did mean that the new laws, about which the government felt extremely strongly, were held up for over a month. And the government's anger, in particular that of Mr Liam Cosgrave, was almost certainly exacerbated by the fact that Mr O'Dalaigh is a former member of the Opposition Fianna Fail party and that the Government decided not to oppose his election to the presidency last year. It was this resentment which found expression from the Minister of Defence at the cookhouse door in Mullingar. Paddy Donegan is, to put it generously, a man of somewhat impetuous political judgments given to colourful gestures. Prior to last week he was probably best known in Ireland for taking a shotgun to gypsies who were trespassing on his comfortable estate. On this occasion there has been some speculation as to whether his attack on the president was the result of becoming overtired and emotional in the company of congenial army officers. But on balance, on this occasion, the evidence seems to indicate that his words were both deliberate and premeditated. In the event, President O'Dalaigh chose to interpret them as a direct attack not only on his personal integrity and the fashion in which he exercised his duties, but on the institution of the presidency itself. He made this clear in a letter to Mr Donegan after the event, a letter which Mr Cosgrave chose to reveal when rejecting an Opposition motion calling for Mr Donegan's resignation.

When the immediate noise has died down, the issue raised most clearly is what kind of President the Irish want. The constitution lays down that about 90 per cent of the role is that of an apolitical ceremonial head of state. But the remaining 10 per cent can involve political decisions, or what appear to be political ones, and these could contain the seeds of political confrontation in future clashes, particularly if the incumbent should be, like Mr O'Dalaigh, a constitutional lawyer with a mind and principles of his own.

The irony of the present situation is to see Premier Liam Cosgrave, whose whole political heritage and philosophy is built around law and order and the security of the state, so palpably a party to an attack on the presidency itself. Indeed the emergency laws which caused this crisis were originally introduced following the murder of the British Ambassador on the grounds that they were needed to safeguard the institutions of the state. But, as always here, the situation has been muddied by the tribal, atavistic nature

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of Irish politics. To most outsiders Caerbhall O'Dalaigh seems a cultivated and civilised jurist and a man who decorated his country's reputation in Europe. To many of Mr Cosgrave's Fine Gael supporters however, he is a Fianna Fail hack who got to be President because they agreed not to contest his candidature and who has had the nerve to stand in the way of the Government's legislation. No one has yet called Mr O'Dalaigh a Provo stooge, but one suspects that they have come very close to it in private.

Dublin

John Griffith

The Tameside Opinion

In March 1975 the Labour-controlled Tameside Council put forward proposals to the Secretary of State for the reorganisation of secondary education along comprehensive lines to come into effect in September 1976. The proposals were approved in November 1975. The council made the necessary arrangements for the changeover and told pupils which schools they would be going to.

At the local elections in May 1976, the Conservatives won control of the council and on 7 June told the Secretary of State that they proposed not to implement the plans for the conversion of the five grammar schools into comprehensives and six-form colleges. On 11 June the Secretary of State gave the council a direction under section 68 of the Education Act 1944, requiring them to implement their predecessors' plans, and on 18 June the Divisional Court ordered the council to comply. On 26 July the Court of Appeal overruled the Divisional Court and on 2 August, moving with impressive speed, Lords Wilberforce, Diplock, Salmon, Russell and Dilhorne upheld the Court of Appeal.

The decision of the new Tameside Council was, Lord Wilberforce said, 'an administrator's nightmare', adding that 'a change of course only three months before the new school year was to start very naturally worried the officials'. The Secretary of State decided that 'it was too late to reverse the previous council's plans and that the new council was acting unreasonably in doing so'. What became the heart of the matter was the allocation of 240 places in the grammar schools. The new council proposed to select 'by a combination of reports, records and interviews'. The Divisional Court accepted the Secretary of State's argument that proper selection could not be carried out between 11 June and 1 September.

Lord Salmon was unimpressed for he was told that in the London borough of Barnet between 1965 and 1970 eight panels, each of three teachers, 'completed a fair selection of 850 pupils from about 3,000 in ten working days'. This is tremendously good news. If we suppose that the eight panels had a few problems arising from the need to ensure that they were all adopting the same standards, the fate of each pupil must have been decided in about four minutes.

One other lovely bit of judicial wisdom:

> The evidence discloses that in any system involving selective entry at the age of 11-plus, *some misfits manifest themselves* as the educational year progresses and are transferred to *more suitable schools*. The council proposed that misfits resulting from the non-selective allocation of unsuitable pupils to grammar schools should be dealt with in this, the usual, way, *though there would no doubt be more of them than if the original allocation had been selective.*

Thus Lord Diplock [my italics]. Obviously, 1977 is going to be a good year for misfits in Tameside. But no matter. Just move them around a bit. For the second time in two years. With a label round their necks.

The Secretary of State, said Lord Wilberforce, must be given credit for having had the background to this actual situation well in mind and must be taken to have been properly and professionally informed as to educational practices used in the area, and as to resources available to the local education authority. His opinion was based upon that of 'a strong and expert department'. How then did their Lordships manage to say he was wrong? Section 68 of the Act of 1944 provides:

> If the Secretary of State is satisfied . . . that any local education authority , . . has acted or is proposing to act unreasonably . . . he may . . . give such directions . . . as appear to him to be expedient.

As an uninstructed layman, faced with those words, you might think that, so long as he acts in good faith, the Secretary of State has the power to decide when a local authority is acting or proposing to act unreasonably and then to do something about it. The subtle judicial mind knows better.

You might think that the proper question to ask is: were there facts on which the Secretary of State could be satisfied that the local authority was proposing to act unreasonably? And that the answer in Tameside must have been yes, while admitting that the Tameside Conservatives could rationally disagree with that view. But their Lordships asked quite a different question. It was: were there facts on which the Secretary of State could be satisfied that *no reasonable local authority* could act as this local authority was proposing to act.

Lord Wilberforce answered this specifically and unbelievably: 'There was *no ground* [my italics] . . . upon which the Secretary of State could find that the (local) Authority was acting or proposing to act unreasonably.' Lord Diplock said that conduct, to be unreasonable, must be such that 'no sensible authority acting with due appreciation of its responsibilities would have decided to adopt'. Lord Salmon said the same. So did Lord Russell.

On this interpretation, it is not enough for the Secretary of State, having taken the relevant facts into account and made his assessment of them, to conclude that a particular local authority is acting unreasonably. He must be able to conclude that the local authority is acting like a bunch of lunatics. Those who would sooner trust local authorities than ministers might prefer such a rule. But I do not believe it is what Parliament intended. And I am certain it is not what Parliament said in section 68.

Lord Diplock added a novel ground of his own for the decision. He said that the Secretary of State should have asked himself whether, in face of the teachers' threat not to cooperate with the council, the council was acting unreasonably in not having abandoned by that date all plans for reintroducing selective entry to grammar schools. The failure to ask this question, to Lord Diplock, meant that the Secretary of State had not directed himself properly in law. If judges press that line of reasoning, their proper place will be in the House of Commons.

We seem to be entering one of those periods when the senior judiciary feel obliged to remedy the regrettable lapses of the elected representatives. Lord Justice Scarman joins hands with Lord Hailsham and the usual coterie of well-meaning liberals to promote a new constitution with devolution, a Bill of Rights, and other impedimenta, all of which would vest more power in the judges. When those who are not elected join hands with those who cannot be dismissed, it is time to light the warning beacons.

Publishing in an age of Inflation

The price of academic books rising at a rate of more than 20% a year, the appearance of cheap typewritten editions, and publishers in financial difficulties – all symptoms of the problems confronting the publishers of serious books in a time of rapid inflation. Philippa Ingram examines the causes and effects of the economic troubles of the publishing industry.

ALSO: Philip Reynolds argues that universities must nurture an élite of critical and creative intelligence.

Ian Bradley on the rise of the "New Right" in universities and colleges.

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Profile: Sir Keith Joseph

Prophet without Honour

'A good man fallen among monetarists. They've robbed him of all his judgment. Not that he ever had much in the first place.' Edward Heath's pungent throwaway lines about Keith Joseph find echoes among all those who distrust ideologues, all of those who suspect apostates and all casual followers of politics who suspect that the Tory party's 'ideas man' might be a brick or two short of a load. Yet the probable truth is that, like any man of ideas in British politics, he is a victim of the twin evils – party discipline and collective responsibility – which militate against a change of mind and nourish the time-server and the placeman. Efforts to break with them always lead to charges either of treachery or inconsistency. Joseph has suffered both of these, and seems to bleed more easily than his more robust colleagues when he is cut.

'My job in cabinet' Margaret Thatcher once remarked 'is keeping Keith's spine straight.' That comment is part of the reason why Joseph flinched from fighting Heath for the leadership – to do that you have to want it more than any other thing, and Joseph was not sure that he did. There were some choice comments in White's Club, too, when it became known that his wife, Helen, had helped to dissuade him from running. Very few people know her well, and like Joseph himself she keeps a hermetically sealed private life. In his *Diaries* Richard Crossman recalls meeting 'an extremely grave, good-looking, middle-aged woman who told me at the beginning of the conversation that she hadn't read a novel until she was 23'. After a discussion featuring theology Crossman began to realise something of why . . . my predecessor at the Ministry of Housing was such a difficult tense man. He certainly has a difficult tense wife.'

Joseph's devotion to privacy and domesticity is no accident. It both reflects and sustains his deep hatred and fear of socialism, of the collectivist spirit and of all forms of 'interference'. It has probably contributed to the mistakes he now feels are 'best forgotten.' Like his ill-researched speech on 'Social Groups 4 and 5' which led his enemies to say that he didn't know where babies came from. Statistically speaking, that particular speech was certainly open to criticism. But, statistically speaking, Joseph has rather cleaned up his act since that fiasco. What worried some of his friends rather more was that the speech betrayed a repugnance for the mass society: a sort of *Brave New World* in which the epsilons and gammas were teeming out of control. It also foreshadowed the now dominant Tory prejudice against social spending, social workers, indeed anything containing 'social' including even words that suggest it like 'sociology'.

Acute privacy and indecision are followed, in the salad of Joseph characteristics, by that of guilt. Many of his friends and admirers are alarmed by the almost theatrical way in which he makes use of the *mea culpa* – so foreign to English politics and especially to Conservative politicians. Recently, while being driven past a quite spectacularly horrible tower-block development, Joseph exclaimed in response to a remark about their ugliness: 'God forgive me. I did that.' Few Ministers of Housing have ever displayed such subsequent regret (it might be a good thing if they did) but Joseph's breast-beating does little to reassure his generally unsentimental and tough-minded supporters.

Perhaps it is simply a new experience for him to have a political staff at all. When, during the Heath government, certain ministers were offered political assistants, Joseph declined with some indignation saying: 'But people would go around saying I had my speeches written for me.' Now, of course, he and his Centre for Policy Studies are usually working on the next one, and he took the unpopular step of issuing a collection of them, *Stranded on the Middle Ground*, on the eve of publication of *The Right Approach*. Since most of his advisers like the abrasive Alfred Sherman, are known to regard the new Central Office document as little better than social democratic, there was animosity in some quarters about a possible Joseph double game.

It would not be the first time that such a suspicion had been voiced. Just as Joseph now excoriates all those who went along with Heath during the collapse of the last

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Tory government, and is even inclined to heresy-hunt the remaining Galbraithian and Keynesian element in the party, so Enoch Powell describes him as a sinner late in his turn to repentance. At one memorable Conservative conference during those years, Joseph loudly and angrily fought off the strenuous demand for health service charges, and defended his ministerial record as perhaps the single biggest spender of the lot. Tories who used to lobby him about his extravagance then say that he was deaf to argument, and seemed to believe in the policy rather than just defend it.

And yet cynical Selsdonites still recall that just before 1970 he had been singing their tune almost as loudly as he does now. His '100 steps to civilised capitalism' was published just as Heath was about to take office. The feeling persists that his present 'Road to Damascus' impression may be just another phoney. But those who think so are probably wrong. Joseph was passed over for the Treasury when Macleod died, and passed over for Industry when Rippon moved to the EEC negotiations. He funked the jugular when Heath was fighting for his leadership of the party. He owes no debt at all to the old school, though he seems prone to second thoughts and to brooding on his failures. He sees himself now as the man who always ups the ante against the consensus – as with the *Right Approach* – and as a man who for instance, in his Stockton speech entitled 'Monetarism is not Enough' launched the attack on the public sector borrowing requirement. For Keith Joseph, as for many of the 'new Tories', there is no real answer to what they see as the inexorable 'ratchet' of socialism unless the Tory Party commits itself to rolling back rather than holding back the advances of public ownership and social 'profligacy'.

This project requires more than a simple campaign designed to show that the economics of planning and intervention are outdated and wrong-headed. Every schoolboy knows, or discovers when he is 58, that no man is wiser than the market and that competition is the source of wealth and innovation. It is far more difficult to make the *moral* case for capitalism; to explain and justify the virtues of self-interest. This is the task which Joseph has set himself and, armed with Adam Smith and Milton Friedman, is carrying out. He likes to infuriate left-wing hecklers at meetings by pointing out that even the researches and writings of Karl Marx were only made possible by the success of free enterprise in Manchester. The Conservative Party is trying to forget that its leader once spoke of the 'unacceptable face of capitalism', and in Joseph it has a man who argues all the time that there is no need for a bad conscience on the matter. Capitalism works, and capitalists are the men who provide the thrust and the wealth upon which all of us depend.

Currently, and in many ways oddly, he has no real job and probably prefers it that way. Without a 'shadow' portfolio he has no automatic right of entry in Commons debates, but equally he can avoid making any advance commitments. To be the intellectual gadfly at the side of the Leader, but to be free of painful necessities like decision-taking – this is the stuff of life for him. The issue, therefore, is not whether Margaret Thatcher would or would not make him Chancellor, but whether or not he would want the job. There is a mixture of diffidence and charm in the way in which he has, to take one example, yielded his place as opening speaker in debates to Michael Heseltine. In offering to take on the boring task of winding up, he told the fiercely ambitious young Tory Viking that he was doing so 'because you obviously care so much about it'. The kind of thing which wins him friends and admirers but raises doubts about his commitment to the cares and burdens of leadership. Some of his friends and supporters, who quail at the very thought of Sir Geoffrey Howe as Chancellor, would prefer him to be a better infighter and jockey than his nature seems to allow.

Joseph came late to his interest in politics (his first love was cricket, which obscured his view of the Thirties) and was never particularly *engagé* even at university. He now says that he only really came to conservatism after 25 years in the Conservative party, very few of them marked by any distinction. ('The only boring Jew I've ever met' commented another Tory ex-Prime Minister.) Behind his frantic re-thinks and apologias today can be discerned the figure of a man obsessed by lost and wasted time, desperately anxious to make the best use of what remains. 'After all,' he once asked the Conservative Party, 'we have held power for half of the last 30 years; how did we allow things to come to such a pass?'. He has, almost unnoticed, become one of the most sought-after speakers at student union debates and meetings precisely because he almost never turns down a request and because he is seldom a party hack in what he says.

In risking the contempt and derision which British politics reserve for the man of ideas, Joseph has retrospectively abolished all the years he has spent as a Tory up to now. It would be interesting to know from what source he draws his burning conviction that the next time will be different. But prophets – armed or unarmed – are seldom so obliging.

Jeremy Bentham

Taped Confessions

Predictably, and unhappily for the rest of us, the Police Federation has turned its face against the tape-recording, even experimentally, of the interviews by police officers of suspects in their custody. Such a blinkered approach to the huge problem of ensuring some method of producing accurate records of interrogations, so as to avoid the tedious and unprofitable challenges to police witnesses when the prosecution comes to court, will inevitably invite more radical proposals. There might even be a strong movement to provide by law that all statements made by suspects to the police in the absence of an independent third party should become inadmissible in evidence. After all, evidence that an accused confessed to a police officer that he had committed the offence charged is admissible only as an exception to the rule against hearsay. And that exception is founded upon the assumption, real enough nowadays, that what a person says against himself is likely to be true. More and more, there are cases occurring that disclose that persons in police custody do, in fact, make false confessions.

A straw in that particular wind has already come recently from the Crown Court at Norwich where several persons are facing trial in the Briggate Mill insurance fraud. A ruling by Mr Justice MacKenna during that trial has not yet percolated through to the public or, indeed, to the legal profession. But its significance will not be lost as and when the public is alerted to it.

One of the accused in that trial objected to his incriminating answers to a police officer being admitted in evidence. He did so on the ground that he had been refused any consultation with his solicitor. His objection was upheld. One of the principles laid down as a guide to police officers conducting investigations states that every person at any stage of an investigation should be able to communicate and to consult privately with a solicitor. This is so even if he is in custody, provided that in such a case no unreasonable delay or hindrance is caused to the processes of investigation or to the administration of justice by his doing so. In the case at Norwich it was suggested that the wheels of justice would grind to a halt if the suspect had been allowed to contact his solicitor; the police feared that the flow of words might have dried up if and when he had been able to consult his lawyer privately. A bald refusal to allow contact with a solicitor was held by Mr Justice MacKenna to breach the principle and to render any confession made after such refusal inadmissible.

The whole question of the protection o suspects is under scrutiny in the private in quiry being conducted by Sir Henry Fishe into the Maxwell-Confait case. There th specific problem of the mentally handi capped suspect arises. To some extent th problem has been resolved by a little-know circular that went out from the Home Offic in July to all chief officers of police, indicat ing that a mentally-handicapped perso being subjected to interrogation ough ordinarily to have present a parent or socia worker. Whether this new guide to th police has any significant impact may de pend on judges like Mr Justice MacKenn being forthright in ruling out any state ments made by such persons who have nc had the benefit of independent advice an assistance when they are summoned to th police station.

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Remi Kapo

Dagenham's Way with Colour

Henry Ford, founder of the Ford empire and innovator of mass production, has always been considered a man ahead of his time. Certainly his dictum about the original Model T – 'You can have any colour you want, so long as it's black' – seems to apply equally well today at Ford's Dagenham Estate. Except an onlooker there might easily think he had meant, in fact, people and not cars.

Of Dagenham's 23,000 workers, 60 per cent are black or Asian. In the body plant, 70 per cent of 6,000 workers are black or Asian, and in the PTA (Paint, Trim and Assembly) section the figure is 60 per cent of 5,000. However, of 1,200 foremen, only six are black and the figures for shop stewards are barely more impressive: ten out of 300. These numbers speak for themselves; blacks form the majority of the workforce, but they are thinly represented when it comes to trade union or staff appointments. According to Sid Harraway, boss of the shop stewards' committee: 'You'd be right in thinking that the ratio is all wrong.' Ford-worker Herman Pinnock commented: 'We have very few of everything black, except non-skilled production workers.'

With varying degrees of justification, black and Asian workers believe management to be racially prejudiced. It has been assumed that trade unions were not. Yet, most remarkably, Dagenham has never seen the promotion of a black man from shop steward to convener or district official level. Is it lace-curtain discrimination that inhibits blacks from attempting to climb the ladder? If so, is the discrimination at management level, or is it within the unions themselves? Or a combination of both? According to one black worker: 'Some of us have applied many times, but without success. Now many have developed a segregation mentality.'

The existence of veiled discrimination might go some way towards explaining why Bill Morris is the only black full-time official of the TGWU. And possibly it could explain, too, why Britain's largest union, with 1.7 million members (of whom 287,000 are women), has only one female official at the national level. She is Marie Patterson, and despite her token-female loneliness, Ron Todd, secretary of TGWU's Region 1, maintains: 'It is not a male preserve. Other than Ms Patterson, a woman has not yet emerged as the best person.' His stand on the other question is as adamant. He maintains that no racism exists in his organisation, and if he discovered a racist shop steward he would dump him 'because I don't think it's compatible with being a union representative'.

But there is still the curious lack of black stewards and officials, and Mr Todd could not deny that the few there are hardly make for a racially integrated union movement. According, however, to a Ford official 'they don't have what it takes'. What does 'it' take? After a week at Dagenham you really begin to understand the cynicism of automobile workers, but the magical 'it' never becomes apparent. New workers are given a talk by a shop steward, and also by safety and personnel officers. Then, training: 'A *great* training programme,' as one of them said, 'two days, I think. You don't have to be full of "O" levels to work here.' Once trained, it's on to the line. 'Hello,' says Bill. 'You put this here, so. And put that there, got it?' Then, mysteriously, as if it were all in the nature of a favour: 'I'm not paid for this, y'know.' A new worker either picks up the routine, or picks up his cards.

Real arguments or racial resentments are not aired on the factory floor. 'These fights,' one worker says, 'happen outside the gates or in the pubs. But the tension is there most of the time.' 'The whole history of endeavouring to prove discrimination,' says Sid Harraway, 'is very difficult.' One Ford worker who might agree with this is Olatunji Taylor who, in 1971, applied for the post of trainee foreman. 'At the present time there are no vacancies,' he was told by the personnel officer, Mr Rossiter. But 'your application will receive full consideration'.

Between 1971 and 1973 Taylor applied several more times with no tangible results, except that he was advised to re-apply in 1976. Feeling he was being discriminated against, Mr Taylor took his case to the Race Relations Board. Thirteen months, 16 letters, and four changes of Board officials later he was told that 'no unlawful discrimination had taken place'. (My own inquiries at the Race Relations Board produced the reply: 'We are not allowed to discuss any case which has not already received publicity.' A nice little Catch-22 phrase, but small comfort to Mr Taylor.)

Doggedly, Taylor applied yet again in May 1976. In an interview with Mr Rossiter he was then told that he was an unsuitable candidate because he hadn't the personality required, nor the ability to lead. Curiously, though, Rossiter suggested he apply again in 12 months. He was, in the meantime, to 'reassess yourself and your attitudes'. When asked to enlarge on this somewhat arcane advice Mr Rossiter told me over the phone that he did not wish to make any comment at this stage. Nonetheless, he did so. Taylor, he said, 'fell down in various respects' and 'does not meet the requirements'. It was stressed that Taylor could always apply again. This is all very well, but 45 is the age limit for foreman training, and as Taylor is now 41 he does not have many chances left.

What has Mr Taylor's union done about his case? Shop steward Alex French, who had initially helped Mr Taylor, was told by Ford's that 'the union was not allowed to be party to any discussions on the appointment of foremen; it is a management function only'. This is apparently true, and it may be here that the union has surrendered some of its power to protect its members' rights. There is, of course, a recognised grievance procedure which can be invoked in cases of racial discrimination within a union. However, the process for registering and following through a complaint is very complex and would require a high degree of patience, courage and persistence for any grievance to be remedied. Among black and Asian workers, already handicapped by language and sophistication barriers, there exists, too, a fear of losing their jobs if they become known as troublemakers. For these reasons, complaints such as Mr Taylor's tend not to filter up to union leaders, who, therefore, continue blithely to assume there is little trouble of a racial nature among their members.

According to a PEP survey, racial problems in the trade unions fall into two groups. In the first, the local union tolerates discrimination rather than acting to counter it. In the second, the union is not directly involved in discriminatory practices but such practices have, nonetheless, been allowed to develop, partly because of inadequate union representation. It is possible that Olatunji Taylor's case falls within this second group. Either way black workers are the casualties.

David Buckle, district officer of the TGWU based at British Leyland's Cowley plant, feels the most dangerous thing is for those in the trades union movement to 'kid ourselves that there is *not* discrimination in our unions'. Most significantly he says: 'What is going on in our society is going on in the trade union movement. It simply reflects the kind of society we've got.' The reflection is, unfortunately, an unflattering one. If Olatunji Taylor's case is representative of black workers there is a very real risk that, discouraged by the failure of their attempts to gain promotion, they will become another unleavened lump of discontent in British industry.

Roger Woddis

O Tempora! O Morris!

Walking one night through Clapham,
Saluting a passing pig,
I met a majestic figure,
Resplendent in robes and wig.

I asked him in some amazement,
'What keeps you abroad so late?'
He said, 'I am keeping vigil
Pro bono publico, mate.'

I knew of the frightened women,
I knew of the dark outdoor,
And I pondered his pat proposal
For a strong vigilante corps.

But he clung to his stern opinions,
And he said when I asked him why,
'*Credo quia absurdum*',
To which there was no reply.

Yet something nagged from a newsreel,
Some shot of a littered street,
And a crooked cross on a window
And a sound-track of marching feet.

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London Diary

☐ Just at a moment when it is producing excellent issues, the *Observer* finds itself threatened with extinction. That, sadly, is all too often the way with newspapers; but I cannot mourn the apparent withdrawal of Rupert Murdoch's takeover bid. What Mr Murdoch plainly thought he was buying was a corpse (à la *Sun* in 1969) and when the corpse turned round and bit him, he got a nasty shock. So, it seems, did Lord Goodman, David Astor and the *Observer* management. I remain firmly on the journalists' side: at least they have seen to it that the paper cannot now be sold over their heads like some Slater Walker asset-stripped company. To be fair, Lord Goodman told the staff last week that they would always have the right to veto any prospective sale, but his idea of consultation seems then to have rested (at best) on the notion of a 12-hour ultimatum: it would, he said at one stage, be 'a perfectly proper course' for them to reject Mr Murdoch's offer but, if they did so, they must realise that the paper would simply close. Now, with many more hats in the ring (including admittedly, some weird ones), the *Observer* no longer looks quite the forlorn wallflower its own chairman made it out to be only a week ago. Clearly things can't be left as they now stand – but, after last week's convulsion, the next bidder will, I hope, have the sense to realise that what he needs to do is to remove Lord Goodman and Mr Astor from any connection with the paper's affairs and reform the whole management structure, rather than make the *Observer*'s editor, Donald Trelford, the scapegoat for other men's failures.

☐ One intriguing footnote remains. What was the Thomson Organisation doing offering a 'bridging loan' of £250,000 in order to give its principal rival a breathing space? Was it simply a rare, disinterested gesture – or did the Thomson Organisation foresee the *Sunday Times* having to plunge down market, like the *Mirror* after 1969, if Murdoch ever got his hands on its main competitor? Or can it have been that in Thomson House they feared Murdoch's capacity for malice? Anyone inclined to under-rate that should look at last Saturday's *Sun* – where an astonishing attack appeared on the *Guardian* for having 'abandoned standards of any kind'. Now, why do you think that was published? Not, I suppose, because the day before in its earlier editions (before the news of Murdoch's withdrawal came through) the *Guardian* itself had published a reasoned leading article arguing that Rupert Murdoch was not perhaps a fit and proper person to be given charge of Britain's oldest Sunday newspaper.

☐ Jim Callaghan must be thanking his (for once) lucky stars that he changed his mind between Wednesday and Thursday of last week on the proper way in which to react to the affair of Mr John Cordle MP and Mr Poulson. Had he held to the line he initially took in the Commons on the Wednesday, he would certainly have had egg all over his face by Sunday when Mr Cordle's letter to Mr Poulson was produced for all the world to see by Adam Raphael in the *Observer*. We have it in the words of Lord Salmon himself (the chairman of the Royal Commission on Standards in Public Life) that it was a letter that 'made my hair stand on end'. Did it not, therefore, raise a tuft on the Prime Minister's well-groomed head? My guess is that on Wednesday of last week the PM had not even seen the letter: in fact, he expressly went out of his way to say that he had 'had only a couple of hours to look into the matter' and that he was not 'wholly informed about it'. Which leaves us with the intriguing question of the Attorney-General. He *must* have seen the Cordle letter – and yet his own locks looked uncommonly sleek to me when I watched him on television the very day after the *Observer*'s original exposé

☐ Still on the subject of Mr Cordle, the woman at the Church Information Office sounded distinctly embarrassed when I got through to her on the phone last week – and not surprisingly. For what I was asking was whether she could tell me the precise number of Church of England livings of which (through the Church Trust) he is the patron: she thought it was 'about 100' – but was sorry she had no more precise statistic to give. Never mind, it's an eloquent enough figure to be going on with – and provides, I'd have thought, the ultimate argument for the C of E abolishing its system of private patronage. No prizes, however, for guessing who is the great opponent of any such abolition. Organising a meeting of protest against the proposed reform in the House of Commons last October was – yes, you've guessed it – John Cordle MP.

☐ When we issued a veiled challenge to Michael Foot (NS 1 October) to do the decent thing about political prisoners during his visit to India, we realised that as a cabinet minister he might prefer to say nothing at all. As it turns out, that would have been vastly preferable. Appalled friends of his have told me that he delighted his hosts at a recent India House banquet by saying that those who criticised the Congress government were the same as those who attacked the Labour government. Younger socialists in Cambridge were equally disgusted to hear him suggest, in answer to a question at a public meeting, that economic hardship might justify dictatorship in India. Still others have said that, repugnant though his view may be, we should not attack him while he is unwell. I prefer to believe, despite all the difficulties, that he still relishes democratic debate and might favour us with a letter. In any case, I feel sorrier for the imprisoned guests of his recent sponsors – one of whom is now our own correspondent, Sundar Rajan – than I do for him.

☐ Those who think that the trade unions and their leaders are the new baronies of the realm will recoil from Lord Briginshaw's opinion (expressed in a privately printed pamphlet of his own) that the House of Peers should be scrapped. But a baron is a baron, and there are far too many of them at present allowed to vote as unelected Tory dunderheads on matters of national importance. If I were a Tory, I should hate the accusation of relying on unrepresentative power while denouncing a minority government. Yet very few of them seem to feel this criticism at all. And too many Labour men and women want to end up there when their course is run. So the daft old thing soldiers on by default. Full marks to Richard Briginshaw – the name to which I trust he will soon revert.

☐ Next Wednesday morning we shall know who will be in the White House for the next four years. But who do you think ranks as its longest surviving ex-inhabitant? All right, it's a trick question – there's only one living ex-President (and some might say that's one too many): what I'm talking about is anyone who once had the White House as a home. No, not Alice Roosevelt Longworth – though her claims are strong since her father was Teddy, and not Franklin, Roosevelt. Beating her, however, in a canter, is Grover Cleveland's daughter, Esther Cleveland Bosanquet, whom I met last weekend and who was the last child actually to be born in the White House (in 1893, the first year of her father's second Administration). An indomitable 83-year-old, she now lives in New Hampshire – where, at the height of the Watergate scandal, she received a letter from President Nixon congratulating her on her 80th birthday. Her friends and relations, all staunch Democrats, thought she should not reply; but that offended her sense of good manners. So she compromised by sending her thanks to Mrs Pat Nixon. Even that, however, did not solve her difficulties. Being of the old school, she felt courtesy compelled her to make some reciprocal gesture. What, then, did she write? 'I send you my own good wishes in these *exacting* times.'

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Gloria went to a convent school where sex was 'never allowed to rear its head. I left at sixteen knowing absolutely nothing. I led a somewhat sheltered life and although my parents weren't prudes, they didn't talk about it either. Then I got a job at Harrods and learned everything in a fortnight.' – *Evening Standard* (Tom Lawrence)

☐ Giles Radice, the Society's Honorary Treasurer, has decided not to seek re-election as Treasurer as it will be his turn to be elected Chairman next year. – *Fabian News* (A. Walker)

☐ Sir, I was very interested to read that the Duke of Kent and Dr Donald Coggan, Archbishop of Canterbury, celebrated their birthdays on 9 October especially as the Prince of Wales and Lord Ramsey share the same birthday on 14 November. – *Daily Telegraph* (R. K. Parkes)

☐ Bournemouth's Red Square is to get a new name because the mayor recently said he would not attend any functions there. – *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

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University Forum

Patrick Wintour*

Feeling the Width

Student journalism is not a particularly dignified calling. Frequently, come four in the morning, the editor may be discovered grovelling on hands and knees on a floor blanketed with vodka bottles, cow-gum tins, blunt pencils and a morass of discarded paper in search of an incomprehensible poem. Earlier in the evening it had been discarded imperiously in the foolish belief that all the expected copy would turn up. As most student editors will tell you, poetry's only redeeming feature is that it fits. In fact one of the first points to grasp about student editors is that they have only as much taste as they are allowed. Filling the space is the first herculean task; quality is secondary. An editor rarely edits copy; he begs, bullies and blackmails for more.

The range of student papers is wide, from duplicated sheets to 40-page magazines, but the standard effort is a student union 12-page paper, designed as clearly as a labyrinth and containing analyses of the student elections to come (there are always student elections to come). Features pages rotate between surveys of the local watering holes, what to do about VD, and interviews, endless interviews, with John Cleese, Richard Ingrams, Keith Joseph and a showbiz don who'll talk to anyone. Students also love to give advice so there is a proliferation of guides for 'first years'.

But why is the standard so poor in comparison with American and Continental student papers? Partly, it is the economics of professionalism. Many student papers overseas have the resources to pay staff for sabbaticals which give them time to learn the essentials in the whole range of financial, production and journalistic skills necessary. The NUS does run an annual conference to try to improve standards in this area but if there is no sustained tradition of technical know-how, it is difficult to teach it in a two-day conference in Wales. The NUS is itself once more trying to bring out a national paper. *The Times Educational Supplement* was not impressed by the first couple of issues, believing them to have 'all the force and originality of a wet sponge thrown by an ageing clown'. Evidently advertisers disagree, since they have put over £7,000 worth of advertising into the latest issue. More important, *National Student* has a sense of identity, something about which most student papers are not confident. And indeed they have reason for this uncertainty. Small campuses make redundant the need for a large student paper, while small student union funds make it likely that little will be covered that isn't common knowledge anyway. Besides, the broad facts of a story will be covered more quickly by national papers if it is at all important.

As the advertising market gets tighter (£120 is sometimes charged for a full-page ad), editors are having to run more and more to their unions for funds. Unfortunately, the university union often demands a political pay-off in return for financial support. The first journal of the student union at Oxford has been racked by arguments about independence since its inception. Not all the pressure is by any means subtle. Bangor students union held an open meeting last term that voted to ban *Forecast*, the only paper on the campus, for criticising the student executive. The paper was duly closed; perhaps it would have been better to emulate *Beaver*, the LSE paper, where journalistic democracy has been taken to the point of public meetings voting on the exact wording of the lead news headline – producing a *mélange* of factual reportage and opinion. Facts are hardly sacred in Fleet Street but in student papers they suffer.

Another disadvantage of papers being written from student union offices is that they tend to be stultifyingly narrow-minded and parochial. Union malpractice, unconstitutionality and inefficiency are everyday affairs and yet they are normally given great prominence. While the termly parade of executive resignations really should elicit the same response as Harold Wilson's to George Brown's threats to leave the Government – 'Put it on file along with the others.'

Some editors, judging from the copy with which they try to catch the eye of their readership, believe that campuses are inhabited by nothing but squads of budding bureaucrats. Such men and women exist but they are, to borrow a phrase, a vocal minority. Many students read neither the order papers of poorly attended union meetings, nor even *The Times* editorial, but instead the rock weeklies and *Beano*. How editors can wean their readers from this essentially private world into the more public affairs of newspapers is a problem with no easy answer. But the fact is that the level of political consciousness (to borrow another phrase from a very different source) among the present generation of British students is abysmally low both by comparison with their own immediate predecessors and, for example, their predominantly leftist contemporaries in Italy. Even Margaret Thatcher knows that she has a new political audience to milk.

And yet, ironically, student papers are blessed with the opportunity to produce hard campaigning journalism in Britain. For the student press does not suffer the legal inhibitions of the 'half-free' professional press. As the NUS booklet on journalism advises, 'you can get away with murder' as long as no one believes the paper to be seriously influential. A number of local government stories are leaked to the student press in the knowledge that the provincial press, with reputations and town hall relations to keep up, will not be going near them. But, sadly, the more typical fruit of this legal licence is innuendo and gossip about campus personalities. Even here one can be unlucky if too uninhibited remarks are made about the pompous, litigious or plain avaricious. In my own experience *Isis*, the Oxford University magazine, made what was intended to be lighthearted comments about the sexual habits of one student politician. *Isis* ended up paying £1,100 to avoid a more expensive legal contest which would have led inevitably to closure. One man's decision to persist, where many before had contented themselves with an apology, not only wiped out three years' profit but also destroyed the student press's immunity and the assumption that a claim of damage to reputation in a student context is ludicrous. Perhaps what we learned is that judges don't have a sense of humour.

But this obsession with student gossip is not purely self-induced. The papers I have been describing are presumably supposed to play some kind of watchdog role over the university administration, a task which is impossible due to the Byzantine secrecy in which all the committees and boards meet. Vast tracts of university administration are *terra incognita* to students. A lot of it is dull bureaucracy, which people are quite rightly paid to keep to themselves, but other parts concern students – the appointment of professors, selection of students, course changes and relations with business and government.

In Oxford, the most crucial issue around which all other negotiations floundered, was the wealth of individual colleges, in particular how much land they held and where they invested their money. We tried to write articles on this subject many times but asking for information on this was regarded as not merely impermissible by the administrators: it was looked on as an invasion of personal privacy, like reading someone else's love letters. University administrators are imbued with such a great sense of paternalism that it seems sufficient to fob union executives off with sherry and then express regret at the raspberries with which this arrangement is greeted.

Anthony Arblaster has put the point baldly in his *Academic Freedom*: 'Students resort to direct action of various kinds for the same reasons as workers use the strike weapon – because the structure of power leaves them with no other effective method of exerting pressure on those who have power over them.' Student newspapers with access to information could be that missing effective method. But under the present structure of democratic debate there can be no safety valve. As it is, the most informative item I ever culled from our University Information Officer was the sight of him jostling a BBC cameraman in an attempt to stop his filming of scuffles between demonstrators and police. That was more revealing than 1,000 of his press releases detailing the next visiting professor from Nebraska State University.

Patrick Wintour read History at Corpus Christi and finished at Oxford last term. He edited Isis *in Michaelmas 1974.*

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Quiet Flows the Don

A traveller finding himself short of reading matter and trapped overnight in a hotel bedroom in, say, Bournemouth, can always fall back, as it were, on the Bible. The splendidly ubiquitous Gideon ('One who cutteth down') Society functions world-wide and as a result of its generosity the good book will be awaiting you expectantly in towns as far apart and as culturally remote from each other as Berlin, Boston and Bude. You will find your Bible in the top drawer of the bedside cupboard, where it my also be convenient for you to house your own little personal treasures – teeth, toupee, spectacles, hearing-aid and truss.

Hunting about for remembered episodes, and also hoping to come upon unknown novelties to provide a stimulating bedtime read, one naturally turns, so familiar is the New Testament story, to the Old Testament. Here they all are, those rousing passages that, boomed out in one's youth in a darkening church at evensong, so seldom lifted the heart.

It will not, I do hope, be thought sacrilegious of me to question the literary abilities of some of the authors. They have a lot to learn in the matter of suspense and many of their chapters don't exactly build to a climax and end with a zing. 'So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem, for he did eat continuously at the king's table: and was lame on both his feet.' Mephi, who had been dropped as a child, was presumably a distant cousin of poor old Ish-bosheth who, minding his own business and quietly snoozing in his tents, was smitten under the fifth rib and, for good measure, decapitated (Samuel II). Other old favourites and subjects surge up: Heber's wife finding new uses for tent-pegs, the almost morbid keenness on messes of pottage (lentil soup), a warning word about unclean birds (vultures and cuckoos), and that sensational moment when Jezreel's rulers receive a delightful surprise gift from Jehu (70 severed royal heads in an ornamental hamper; a real challenge to Fortnum's).

Fashions in prettiness change, of course, and fairly quickly too (what chance would the solid, statuesque Edwardian beauties, Lily Langtry and Constance Collier, stand today?) and one would hardly expect to find biblical fascinators who could be happily slotted into *Playboy*, but on the other hand the writers' ways of describing them are bizarre indeed. 'Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies.' A gentleman's belly sounds even less practical ('His belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires'). Can attractive eyes have changed all that much? Yes, apparently. 'Thine eyes are like the fishpools in Heshbon.' The association of the word 'fish' with eyes is unfortunate in the extreme. And invariably weird and wonderful are the placenames, which would sound quite at home on the lips of a refined and unintelligible English railway station *annonceuse*: 'This is the 10.15 from Joppa, calling at Kinroth-Hattaavah, Michmash, Ziklag, Gilgal and Migdol.'

My friend and undergraduate contemporary, Lionel Gamelin, when editor of the *Granta*, the Cambridge magazine, thought it would be a merry joke to have a parish magazine number, with thoughtful articles by the vicar, reports of sermons ('Last Sunday, Canon Bulmer really let fly on Sodom'), advertisements for cut-price 'Splitproof' copes, and so on. In addition, aware of the 'comfortable words' in the Communion service, he thought it would be helpful to supply a disturbing section called 'uncomfortable words', not difficult to run to earth in the Old Testament, with weepings and wailings and gnashings of teeth, threats of plagues and pestilences, and the Maker smiting almost everything in sight. Juvenile fun which, alas, fell dreadfully flat with those in authority and a singularly unsmiling vice-chancellor (Master of Magdalene) summoned the editor and gave him a frightful time. Lionel could well have put up a spirited defence (he hadn't been President of the Union for nothing) but decided that humble contrition and a hearty show of repentance were the advisable thing.

He might have fared better with a previous Master of Magdalene who had considerably more understanding of youthful high spirits, despite a rather ponderous side to his character. If the Gideon Society were ever to consider distributing further reputable material as a soporific bedside alternative to the excitements of the Old Testament, they might do worse than to delve into the collected works of a considerable figure, Arthur Benson. Archbishop Benson, the first Master of Wellington College and subsequently resident at Canterbury, sired four gifted sons, one of them, Arthur, moving, after many successful years as an Eton master, to Cambridge in 1905. There he toiled ceaselessly and profitably by day on behalf of the college, but, as evening approached, there came the 'sacred hours' when he locked himself in his rooms and his self-indulgent thoughts and prosaic opinions flowed with a fatal fluency over endless sheets of paper. His three main subjects were the beauty of Nature, of the countryside in general, and of God in particular. Like Shakespeare, he never blotted a line, and more's the pity.

The titles of the hugely popular volumes that resulted from this daily activity speak for themselves (*Beside Still Waters*, *Thy Rod and Thy Staff*, *The Altar Fire* etc.) and all are imbued with guidance and uplift, with everywhere the Divine Hand present. Indeed, 'I think that God has put it into my heart to write this book'. Well, this may have been so but one must add that God, as co-author, had unfortunately decided to leave both his thunderbolts and his sense of humour in the cloakroom.

Here is indeed a vanished age and attitude. All is peace, perfect peace. The effortless ramblings tell of stone dovecots, balmy winds, birds melodiously fluting, cows mooing ('They bring a deep tranquillity into the spirit'), the joys of self-denial, gnarled gardeners feverishly humming *Rock of Ages*, gracious people 'in comely apparel', gently-swelling downlands, all summed up in the phrase: 'It is England – tranquil, healthy, prosperous England.'

Is there, then, no fly in the ointment? Yes, alas. The author is apt to complain of the way in which the less fortunate just don't seem to notice beauty. 'I wish with all my heart that all classes cared equally for the things which I love,' he muses, possibly munching another buttery muffin, 'but I find that the lower classes are not interested in these things.' Too bad of them, but they had, perhaps, other preoccupations.

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Letters to the Editor

The Law as Defendant

Sir, The skeleton of the illustrious philosopher Jeremy Bentham, who died in 1818, sits in his chair at University College Hospital dressed in his own clothes. In his day he was, among other things, an effective advocate of reform of the law and the legal system and as a qualified barrister he knew something of the subject. You published an article (NS 15 October) called 'The Law as Defendant' by another Jeremy Bentham who, unlike his illustrious namesake, appears to lack any knowledge of the current problems of the legal profession and its actions and attitudes.

The present-day Jeremy Bentham is not known to me for any previous concern expressed by him about, for example, the unmet need for legal services or the failure on the part of successive governments to provide sufficient finance for the legal aid and advice scheme. To be fair to him, Parliament and the media have also until recently shown little concern about those things. Now it is the fashionable thing in political and journalistic circles to express concern about the need for legal services, while at the same time condemning indiscriminately the lawyers whose services are, we are told, increasingly needed.

At the Torquay conference Mr David Napley expressed his own feelings about the failures of many recent commissions and committees to reach sensible decisions. His main concern was to defend the independence of the legal profession. He did not attack the legal aid scheme of which he has been a most effective champion at a time when it had few champions. What he did say was that the professions impose their own discipline on their members and that the limitations on the lawyers' freedom involved in the legal aid scheme were acceptable only when the scheme was administered, as at present, by people with the necessary knowledge and experience. One might disagree with Mr Napley, but one can understand what he was saying. By contrast the article in your paper was full of emotive but imprecise expressions like 'elitism', 'studied detachment', 'the growing demand that the lawyers should understand and adapt to the social circumstances in which they exist', 'restructuring of the profession', 'stratifying the profession according to class, race and sex', 'public regulation of the legal profession in the public interest', and 'services rendered almost exclusively to the propertied classes'. The earlier Jeremy Bentham, when he demanded changes, specified the changes he demanded and analysed the need for change. The present-day Jeremy Bentham does none of these things. This is surely a serious subject. Does it not demand serious treatment in a serious journal?

CHARLES WEGG-PROSSER

Wegg-Prosser and Farmer
133 Praed Street
London W2

Sir, Not one solitary fact was advanced by your contributor, Jeremy Bentham to support the hoary old prejudices about lawyers that he dragged out once more. He said that the legal profession rendered services almost exclusively to the propertied classes, and asked what lawyer in private practice has even the barest nodding acquaintance with the provisions dealing with social security. So that your readers may judge the current professional standards of journalists such as your contributor, perhaps they might like to consider the following facts.

Last year more than two-thirds of all solicitors' firms and more than three-quarters of all barristers did legal aid work. Out of the total profession of 30,000 solicitors about 16,000 are on the legal aid lists. Last year 80 per cent of all women who sought a divorce were legally aided. Is this what is meant by rendering services almost exclusively to the propertied classses? There are in England and Wales over 60 Duty Solicitor Schemes and about 160 rotas of solicitors giving voluntary advice, usually in the evenings, in Citizens' Advice Bureaux. In addition there are hundreds of informal free advice schemes all over the country. The total number of solicitors engaged in this type of voluntary work is more than 5,000, i.e. over one-sixth of the entire profession. In some places, such as Southampton, the volunteer is on duty for a full 24 hours. Perhaps we could be informed what voluntary work of service to the community is performed on the same scale by other professions?

I know that comment is cheap and facts are expensive, but it would have been very easy for your contributor to have found out the barest essentials of the true facts before giving us the benefit of his ignorance. I am sure many of your readers will find it offensive that you, Sir, thought fit to publish this twaddle under the name of Jeremy Bentham. Unfortunately we do not have a law of libel to protect the dead.

DAVID EDWARDS
Secretary, Legal Aid

The Law Society
113 Chancery Lane
London WC2

Sir, Jeremy Bentham has got to be joking when he says 'What lawyer in private practice has even the barest nodding acquaintance with the myriad of provisions dealing with Social Security?' What journalist takes the trouble to look at the available evidence, for that matter, before he condemns an entire profession wholesale? To quote in point one example, the *Bulletin* issued by L.A.G., 'a legal action group of solicitors, barristers, advisory workers, social workers and others who are concerned to improve legal services to the community, specially to those in deprived areas', touches on almost every aspect of community care, month by month. In practice there must be many households like ours where the overspill from the office keeps all of us busy, often till late at night, filling in legal aid forms for hard-pressed clients of my husband's who can't go far afield, can't wait till morning, can't read the questions and can't write the answers. As for Social Security, don't mention it to us, or us to the local officials either; we are only too well acquainted with one another.

I think Mr Bentham would be specially relieved if he came into contact with the younger members of the profession; law students who queue up to get into a socially oriented practice for considerably less pay than they would earn in more elite circles; articled clerks who don't grudge time and effort spent in helping needy clients out of office hours. Preoccupations and pressures such as these are implicit in any work that involves human problems at first hand, of course, and the more serious the involvement, the less it is advertised. There's no time, for one thing. It's not surprising that the current argument about solicitors and their status centres on the elitist area of conveyancing. Property can always be trusted to speak up for itself. Less privileged, more painful, kinds of injustice demand the sort of reform lawyers by themselves are powerless to effect. Jeremy Bentham dismisses state aid, perhaps too cavalierly, as a limited, inadequate provision; limited it is but he doesn't go on to draw the obvious conclusion. Unequal justice springs like every other social inequality from unequal income. It's not the lawyers who are to blame for this state of affairs. No amount of administrative change will turn minority conscience into majority practice unless we care enough about everyone's legal rights to see that they are paid for. If we as a society won't or can't pay, let us be grateful that we sometimes get better lawyers than we deserve.

JANE KINGSHILL

Mill House
Shoreham, Kent

Doctors and Critics

Sir, With reference to 'A Doctor's Closed Shop' (Letters 8 October) which I have just read, I can endorse the gentleman's experience. I wrote to the senior of my partnership of three doctors stating that I was alarmed about the lack of attention being given by one of the three, not the senior, and asked for advice as to how I might leave the partnership and register elsewhere – *but this did not apply to my husband* – who always had the senior partner. For myself, apart from getting a vaccination prior to going to the Americas, I had only called the doctor once in approximately six years' registration, and all he had to do then was to send me to the Eye Infirmary. Here is the reaction: . . . 'because of your expressed horror that individual named doctors may not attend you at all times, I think that in the circumstances you *and your husband* should send your medical cards for my signature so that the necessary changeover can be expedited without delay. I trust that Dr X will be able to give you the personal, seven-day, 24-hour attention you obviously desire.' I have not yet been struck off but the implication would appear to be there. Are we not even allowed to have a preference when we have to deal with a consortium of doctors under the NHS?

M. Y. GRAY

5 Abercorn Terrace
Edinburgh

Education Free-For-All

Sir, Your front-page leader 'Freedom from Ignorance' (NS 22 October) made an old man (well, middle-aged, to be honest) very, very happy. You see, I've always felt a bit of a provincial hick, a straw-chewing stumblebum, when confronted with the sophisticated ironies of you metropolitan whiz-kids. I've never been able to fathom whether you were being serious or not. But with 'Freedom from Ignorance' – pow! I made it! I finally saw the joke. And it was very, *very* funny: you had me rolling around my suburban semi in hysterics. And how *clever*, too, to have a solemn, rotund, portentous title and then to follow it with a hilarious, free-wheeling demonstration of every ignorant nonsense that's ever been spouted about education! Gosh, it must have taken you at least an hour to write! I especially liked the bit where you demonstrated how ignorance makes one argue dishonestly – that bit where you pretended to accuse schools of laying down arbitrary diktats on children's dress and keeping parents behind white lines, and then added a third accusation: that anyone disagreeing with the first two was paranoiac. That was lovely. And your list of reasons 'why the present Administration must succeed where Lord Eccles failed': oh, they were superb! The first reason beautifully contradicted itself in only three sentences but this was so cleverly hidden by using 'dubiously relevant' to refer to the reading, writing and counting that are necessary to pass examinations. Your second reason was absolutely priceless. For the NS to suggest that a Labour

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government should make even greater efforts than a Tory one to turn all working-class kids into middle-class kids – well, my dears, I nearly *died*! Perhaps, by the time you got to your third reason, the joke was wearing a bit thin. I mean, you almost gave the game away when you pretended to sneer at kids being taught how to keep healthy and how to care for their environment and their community.

But you pulled yourself together manfully for the fourth reason – *that* one was much better. It's a quite superb comic idea to suggest a sort of Inspector-General who would go around the country to stop teachers arguing with each other. And your final reason was a gorgeously nostalgic evocation of the Victorian mill-owner: the gruff, abrupt, no-nonsense tone was perfectly caught. We pay the nasty little sods, so they'd better do as they're damn well told.

I do apologise for going on so long, but I felt it only right to let you know of the fun I got from the article, particularly after that nasty Bryan Forbes had been so rude to you in the same issue's correspondence columns. 'Pathetic journalism' – how *dare* he? Do keep up the good work and provide us all with many more years of happy nonsense and innocent laughter.

PETER SAMPSON

7 Lindom Avenue
Chester le Street
Co. Durham

Perils of PR

Sir, It is difficult to know where to start in answering Mr Whitehead's patchwork of arguments against proportional representation (NS 22 October). He seems to have stitched them together in a hurry to provide some warmth for the defenders of the indefensible and it is probably unreasonable to expect coherence or principle.

However, there are three specific points which should not be allowed to go unanswered: no one in the movement for electoral reform has pretended that it is an universal panacea which will make Britain's problems disappear, as Mr Whitehead implies we have. It is true that we believe that governments, whether based in Edinburgh or London, which draw their strength from the legitimacy of majority public support, will be better able to make difficult decisions. Forty-odd coalitions have not been manufactured by PR in Italy, but by the Italian political tradition. Mr Whitehead should ask himself whether the result of the last election in Italy this summer would not have looked even more intractably difficult with a first-past-the-post system. Finally, since Mr Whitehead obviously does not like coalitions, may I ask him which is worse: open coalition like West Germany, where the Social Democrats and Free Democrats went into the recent election offering themselves as a coalition and then went on to form a government; or hidden coalitions of the sort represented by the major British parties, where the voter is treated as an onlooker to be hoodwinked?

RICHARD HOLME
Director

National Committee for Electoral Reform
12 Upper Belgrave Street
London SW1

Forbes Gets the Slipper

Sir, I haven't been a reader of the NS for 30 years but 20 years as a member of the same profession as Bryan Forbes spurs me to ask why he has become so angrily unsilent (Letters 22 October) over the tone of one of the few remaining publications that is not a fawn of the Conservative party. To be critical, sadly, sometimes is to imply malice. If those same number of years as an actor and film director haven't taught Bryan Forbes that, they have taught him nothing.

'Resting', I'm sorry to say, during all the party conferences I sat, critically, watching. Notwithstanding my natural bias towards a progressively fairer society I found the Liberals wetter and woolljer than ever. The majority of Labour party spokesmen, while not having the command of rhetoric so freely available elsewhere, at least directed their vitriol and malice at the still yawning gap between the 'haves' and the 'have nots' – puzzled that a life-style can still exist in any large city that makes a mockery of social contracts and the pitiful living conditions that still exist for thousands of our countrymen. Brighton sent shivers down my spine. Speaker after speaker let out torrents of uncontrolled abuse – at the unions, at the schools, at the Health Service. Did Mr Forbes catch the representative castigating the whole of British Rail because his train was late for the conference? He went on to imply that if 'they' get back, all that would change! 'We have ways of . . .' my shivers increased and I began to wonder why the brave blokes who begat us ever fought that war.

The contribution that Bryan Forbes made 'towards a better society' was practical. It gave many technicians and artists work. It would have been nice to reflect that at the same time Forbes had produced one film that even remotely mirrored the evolutionary progress that has moved this country, ever so slowly, from a land fit for the few to a land fit for the many. It's as well the greenhouse is shattered for somebody forgot to water the flowers.

PETER PORTEOUS

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London NW3

Revolutionary Jews

Sir, Neal Ascherson, in his review of my book, *Revolutionary Jews from Marx to Trotsky* (NS 15 October), has misunderstood or else refused to examine the principal themes of my analysis. My purpose was to throw light on a remarkable and neglected phenomenon, namely the role of Jews in European socialism, not to make political propaganda or to discredit revolutionism as the product of a 'perverse' individual psychology.

I therefore consider Ascherson's reference to the anti-semitic crudities of Andzrej Werblan to be an irrelevant comparison. There is a considerable difference between serious historical research and the demagogy of a Polish Communist *apparatchik*. Having said that, what did I in fact seek to show in my book? That the Jewish origin of certain leading European socialists did influence their political careers and in particular their attitudes to the Jewish problem. My conclusions were based not on crude psychologism but on an objective analysis of the consequences of the enlightenment and Jewish emancipation in shaping socialist attitudes to the Jewish people. Socialists believed that in a classless society there was no need for a separate Jewish 'nationality'.

My book tries to explain with the help of individual case-studies *why* this option proved untenable. I point out that Jewish revolutionaries defended assimilation with a particular intensity which in many instances derived from emotional prejudices and personal insecurity concerning their own origins. Contrary to what Ascherson says, I do *not* explain the politics of Martov, Rosa Luxemburg or Trotsky in terms of self-hatred. Indeed, I scarcely mention it in the Russo-Polish context, as a careful reading of my book will show.

In the case of Germany, France and Austria (a section which Ascherson apparently likes), on the other hand, I do bring out the role of self-hatred as one motivating factor among others in influencing Jews to adopt the Marxist form of assimilation. Ascherson is quite mistaken to believe that I condemn or reproach leftist Jews for exhibiting symptoms of self-hatred or denying their nationality, race or religion.

I do, however, think it affected their objectivity vis-à-vis the Jewish question and that it helps to explain the failure of their prognoses on this issue. Unlike Ascherson, I do not believe that apostasy (to use his term) necessarily leads to 'a wider mental world' nor that it represents a realistic and honourable alternative to national self-determination for persecuted peoples.

ROBERT S. WISTRICH

The Wiener Library
4 Devonshire Street
London W1

In Defence of Dempster

Sir, In your last issue I am described as a 'romantic' for having called Nigel Dempster a fine radical journalist. And so he is. If more journalists in the popular press had joined in attacking power-hungry and secretive politicians and businessmen, this country might not now be in such a mess.

May I remind you of the words of another fine radical journalist: 'Amongst the persons whom I have heard express a wish to see the press what they called *free* and at the same time to extend the restraints on it with regard to persons in their private life . . . I have never that I know of met with one who had not some powerful motive of his own for the wish, and who did not feel that he had some vulnerable part about himself.' The author of those wise words was William Cobbett.

RICHARD WEST

15 Guilford Street
London WC1

The Metropolitan Poet

Sir, It is a bit much even in the empire's decline when barbarians from the outer provinces try to instruct metropolitan poets in scansion and pronunciation (Letters 22 October).

The pronunciation of the second syllable of 'penis' is not representable by the 'upside down "e"' – see the *OED* if common usage is doubted. Nor is 'We'll have lunch when I get back from Gstaad' iambic pentameter however one pronounces 'Gstaad' – the line has broken down long before it gets to Switzerland. And of course there is a 'point in these slanging matches'; it is the essential point of getting language and versification right.

ROY FULLER

37 Langton Way
London SE3

Lest We Forget

Sir, May we once again invite your readers to send greetings for Christmas and the New Year to the families of political prisoners, detainees, the banned and the banished in South Africa, Rhodesia and Namibia (South West Africa)? Such greetings are seen as an expression of support and concern and are deeply appreciated by the recipients. Lists of the above are available on request from the Anti-Apartheid Movement, 89 Charlotte Street, London W1.

ABDUL S. MINTY
Hon. Secretary

The Anti-Apartheid Movement
89 Charlotte Street
London W1

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Paul Johnson

The Years the Locusts Ate

Winston S. Churchill Vol. V 1922-39 by MARTIN GILBERT *Heinemann* £8.50

Martin Gilbert has successfully reduced the multi-volume life of Churchill, conceived on an over-ambitious scale by his son Randolph, to a manageable size. Volume V covers all but four years of the inter-war period, leaving only two tomes to come. All the same, the magnitude of the work is still prodigious. Here are over 1,100 pages of text, not counting sources and index, and very few of them could have been dispensed with – so much of the verbatim Churchill record has survived, and needs to be published, as does a vast amount of expansive and corroborative detail. Mr Gilbert also provides scores of biographical notes, which are always useful and often essential. He himself remains in the background, an objective and vigilant impresario, allowing the material to tell its own tale. The dexterous and palatable manner in which he deploys it is almost beyond praise.

Churchill was dumbfounded when, in 1924, having scrambled back aboard the Tory ship he had deserted two decades ago, he was promptly offered the Exchequer by Baldwin. He had been quite prepared to settle for the Ministry of Health. He accepted the unexpected gift in formal language, which would sound strangely from an aspirant minister nowadays: 'This fulfils my ambition. I still have my father's robes as Chancellor. I shall be proud to serve you in this splendid Office.' Nor did Baldwin regret his choice. He was soon writing to the King: 'The House always crowds in to hear Mr Churchill . . . an orator after the old school and of the grand manner.' On the occasion of his third Budget, Baldwin told George V: 'The scene was quite sufficient to show that Mr Churchill as a star turn has a power of attraction which nobody in the House of Commons can excel.' He won all his major battles at the Treasury, and succeeded in carrying into law five consecutive Budgets, a record equalled only by Walpole, Pitt, Peel and Gladstone, and unlikely ever to be broken. He was, perhaps, the last chancellor to introduce a Budget with fire, style and wit.

And the contents? Churchill saw his reign at the Treasury as a continuation of the social reformism he had championed before the war with Lloyd George. He hotly rejected the charge that he was in any way to be identified with bloated capitalists. In 1923 Lord Alfred Douglas, in a pamphlet, claimed that Churchill had issued a false communiqué during the Battle of Jutland in order to manipulate the stock market on behalf of his Jewish friends, and had received a reward of £40,000. Outraged, Churchill sued him for criminal libel, and had him jailed for six months. As Chancellor, he much disliked the plan to return to the gold standard, and resisted it until overborn by the sheer weight of City and Treasury opinion (Labour, if in office, would have done exactly the same). He saw the folly of it all sooner than most: 'I have gone the whole hog against gold,' he wrote in 1932: ' . . . surely it will become a public necessity to get rid of Montagu Norman.' During the long battle with the miners, he was not a cabinet hardliner. True, he had 'a good General Strike', running the *British Gazette*. It was his first and only chance to be in charge of a paper, and he wanted it to be, as J. C. C. Davidson noted, 'a better newspaper than any of the great journals whose operations had been temporarily suspended'. But this was fun; on the essential issues he was against the mine-owners. One of his colleagues, Steel-Maitland, complained that 'the miners were nearly down and out and ready to agree to anything' when 'Winston jumped in . . . With his impulsiveness he was all over the miners.' Hence he was furious and vengeful when the NEW STATESMAN accused him of favouring 'war at all costs' and called him 'the villain of the piece'. He wanted to pursue another action for criminal libel, but this time wiser friends dissuaded him.

In 1929, when the Baldwin government fell, Churchill could thus be regarded, at any rate to those in the know, as a left-of-centre moderate well in the running for the leadership of the Tory Party. But once away from the Treasury he focused on foreign and colonial problems, and was soon off course. He hated communists and nationalists alike; in his mind they were linked. Randolph, with him on a visit to Pius XI, recorded: 'The early part of the conversation was a little sticky. Then my father and the Pope got on to the subject of the Bolsheviks and had a jolly half hour saying what they thought of them.' When Labour signed the 1929 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, he predicted 'disorder and degeneration', and that 'Egypt would go to hell'. Then came the Indian round-table conference and the India Act, both of which Churchill fought ferociously in the name of the British Raj he had served over three decades before. The struggle lasted five years, isolated Churchill in the Commons, alienated him from his party, and wrecked any chance of a return to office in the Macdonald-Baldwin National Government.

Hence when Churchill began to warn about the dangers of a rearmed Germany, which he did at an early date, some considerable time before Hitler achieved power, he had no party or parliamentary base from which to operate (most of his allies over India were pro-dictator). True, he was reversing the economy stand he had taken in the Twenties. 'We cannot have a lot of silly little cruisers', he had told Tom Jones in 1924; and, as for war with Japan, 'I do not believe there is the slightest chance of it in our lifetime.' True, also, he had had words of praise for Mussolini in 1927 ('Your movement has rendered service to the whole world'). But it is fair to say that Churchill caught the scent of the Axis menace sooner, almost, than anyone else, and thereafter never lost it. Mr Gilbert relates, in great but not wearisome detail, how Churchill accumulated arguments for British rearmament; and how, when the general case was conceded, he exerted continuous and expert pressure to get the process speeded up. To their credit, both MacDonald and Baldwin allowed Major Norton, of economic intelligence, to supply Churchill with secret information (a fact recently confirmed by publication of Morton's letters, though Gilbert disputes it). But in addition, as Churchill continued to toll the tocsin, he became the recipient of details about the tempo of Hitler's arming, and the sluggish response of Britain, supplied by German nationals and British industrialists, by scientists, diplomats and civil servants, by officers, high and low, of all three services, and by individuals in the government. Many of them risked their careers, even their lives, to keep him informed. By 1936, he probably had a broader knowledge of defence problems than anyone else in the country, including those officially responsible, and he used this knowledge with consummate skill and restraint in a series of speeches which were probably the best he ever delivered.

Mr Gilbert shows, I think, that Churchill had a perceptible influence on government, probably more than he realised at the time. He was, and he felt himself to be, a lonely figure. He had many personal worries. In 1923 he had calculated that he needed at least £10,000 a year to live on, a figure which rose with time. He came a cropper in the 1929 Wall Street crash. His overdraft rose to over £9,000, and periodically he had to cope with Randolph's monstrous debts, and his still more outrageous behaviour, both public and private. Another of his children, Sarah, deeply distressed him by eloping with a music-hall comedian. To top it all, during the Abdication crisis, for the best of motives and in a mood of misjudged emotion, Churchill made a fool of himself. Quite unjustly, he was thought by many Tories to be seeking to oust Baldwin over the issue, in order to supply a 'King's government' himself. In the House, there was an ugly and humiliating scene, 'one of the angriest manifestations', wrote Winterton, 'I have ever heard directed against any man in the House of Commons'. This episode had the effect of shattering the new reputation for statesmanship which Churchill had been slowly building up with his foreign policy speeches, and so of delaying his return to the government. Despondent, he talked of retirement; of selling Chartwell, if he could get £25,000 for it. But buoyancy soon returned, and with it the hammer-speeches in the House, culminating in the majestic oration on Munich, which began the process of turning the appeasement tide and was soon horrendously vindicated by events.

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Perhaps in some respects it was a mercy Churchill did not get office in these years. Baldwin had remarked to Jones, in 1935: 'If there is going to be war – and no one can say that there is not – we must keep him fresh to be our War Prime Minister.' The old man may have meant, in his shrewd way, that if war came Churchill would be better off unsullied by responsibility for peace-time negligence. Had he served under Baldwin, or worse Chamberlain, what shameful decisions might he not have been obliged to share or condone, and publicly defend? Where, then, would have been the Churchillian inspiration of 1940? Churchill may have sensed this himself when, with war declared, he finally returned to government; certainly, he treated those who had kept him out, and abused him, with the magnanimity which was his most appealing quality. 'Englishmen,' he wrote to one of them, 'ought to start fair with one another from the outset in so grievous a struggle, and so far as I am concerned the past is dead.' This is a noble story, nobly presented.

Alan Ryan

Catch-29

Destination Disaster by PAUL EDDY, ELAINE POTTER and BRUCE PAGE *Hart-Davis, MacGibbon* £4.95

Jumbo jets are constructed with a good deal of mechanical redundancy: a Boeing 747 needs only one of its four engines to keep it in the air, and the pilot can control the plane so long as one of four separate hydraulic systems is working. *Destination Disaster* is constructed on the same principle; most things are said two or three times, and everything of importance two or three times more. Yet the result is much the same in both cases; large, modern jets are extremely safe, and *Destination Disaster* is a strikingly solid and comprehensive account of just how it could happen that

> a new and powerful aeroplane fell 12,000 feet out of a clear sky – and did so as a result of failures which not only could have been foreseen, but were specifically predicted.

The plane that fell 12,000 feet out of a clear March sky was a DC-10 belonging to Turkish Airlines; it was an unusual crash in several ways. Planes don't as a rule come to pieces in mid air, but the DC-10 that crashed into the forest of Ermenonville on 3 March 1974 crashed because a cargo door flew off, because in consequence the floor of the passenger compartment collapsed, and because in collapsing it took with it the mechanisms which controlled the engines, the rudder, the ailerons, everything on which a pilot depends to keep his ship in the air. It was unusual in the number of people it killed. In the ordinary way, a Turkish DC-10 on the last leg of its journey from Istanbul to London via Paris would be less than half full. But there had been a strike of engineers employed by BEA – 'a brief tactical affair aimed at getting a few more pounds into the men's pockets before the Government declared a wages freeze', but one which, ironically enough, cost the life of Jim Conway, the AUEW's general secretary. As a result, passengers were hastily transferred from cancelled BEA flights to whatever seats were available – many of them on THY 981. The 346 casualties make it by some way the worst ever air disaster; the weight of a full load of passengers may also have made all the difference to the internal damage which rendered ship 29 unflyable.

Destination Disaster is a detective story with an engineering background – even if the question is less whodunnit than who failed to. The fatal flaw in the locking system of a DC-10 cargo door is unearthed; we discover why a normally safety-conscious company overlooked it; the checks which failed are one by one spelled out, and the people and organisations responsible for the failure are described in detail. But behind all this lies the horror of the event itself. The human body is a fragile thing, not designed to withstand the impact of hard or sharp objects. If a 300-ton aeroplane hits the ground at 500 miles an hour, the result is a vision of hell. Jacques Lanier, the gendarmerie captain at Senlis, was the second man on the scene, and spent the next 17 days in charge of the firemen, soldiers and Red Cross workers, whose grisly task it was to collect the 22 tons of shattered flesh and bone which were all that was left of the people on board. Lanier kept a diary of the horrors he saw, and of people's reactions to them, as a sort of defence for his own sanity. There was one young man, in the crowd of sightseers, who picked up a severed hand, stuffed it in his pocket and rushed away. Red Cross workers began by trying to reassemble particular corpses, and finding the task impossible, ended by collecting 'anatomical categories', so that Lanier found a stretcher carrying eight heads in a row. The authors don't pretend that the Ermenonville crash is the biggest tragedy that ever happened to mankind – as they say, it occurred in a year when thousands of nomads died from the Sahel drought, and, as they know better than their readers, one's chances of meeting an equally gruesome death on the roads of Britain are higher than they would be in the hands of even the most dangerous of airlines. None the less, there is one peculiarity of this accident – that it was hardly an accident at all.

The pre-history of 'the lie they built into the machinery' is the history of the American aeroplane industry, and, in particular the history of the Douglas company. The concern founded by Donald Douglas made its fortune on one aircraft, the DC-3; in its civilian and military versions together it was the most successful aircraft of all time. But by the mid-1960s, Douglas had fallen victim to its own success. A passion for doing again what it had done success-

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fully in the past had caused the company to miss out on the jet revolution. The Boeing 707's success forced Douglas to bring out the DC-8 in a great hurry, at a price which failed to cover its costs; the self-inflicted wound was exacerbated by delays in bringing out the DC-9, which gained orders all right, but once again under conditions which meant that every aircraft lost money. The profit figures didn't show this at first; but in 1966 it became clear that the company was broke. It was taken over by McDonnell Aircraft, a firm which had grown very prosperous on military contracts – the Phantom being the most successful of all post-war combat aircraft – and the search for a new future in civil airliner production was on.

The airliner of the future was plainly to be a jumbo of some sort; the new generation of big fan-jet engines allowed striking economies of scale if enough people could be carried on one plane. But Boeing had cornered the long-range market with the 747; hence McDonnell Douglas were committed to fighting for the airbus market with Lockheed – and, as we have recently seen in some detail, Lockheed were themselves very hard up and prepared to fight dirty. The stakes were survival – Boeing had had to gamble 90 per cent of all the corporation's assets on the development of the 747. The DC-10 had to be designed in haste to overtake the Lockheed Tri-Star, and it had to be sold hard to gain anything like enough orders to show a profit. But Douglas were already an organisation *non grata* to the Big Four among the US airlines, after squabbles about delivery delays with Eastern, and mass desertion to Boeing by all four. Getting orders in the wildly competitive climate therefore meant that the company would do more or less whatever an airline suggested; when American Airlines suggested electrically driven catches for the DC-10's cargo doors, for the sake of easier maintenance, the company agreed.

The result was an unsafe door, liable to blow open when the plane was pressurised. If it did, there was a strong possibility that the plane's floor would collapse. During assembly of a first fuselage, there was indeed an accident when a door blew out and the floor did collapse. The builders of the plane's hull knew early on that the design was dangerous, and an internal memorandum raised the question of General Dynamics's liability in the event of a crash. If this wasn't sufficient, there was an epic near-miss in June 1972, when a lightly loaded DC-10 lost its cargo door over Windsor, Ontario; the floor collapsed, but not all control was lost, and the captain brought the plane back by the exercise of almost incredible skill. This was 21 months before THY 981 fell out of the sky. After near misses like this, the obvious thing would have been for the Federal Aviation Authority to issue an airworthiness directive forbidding aircraft to fly until they had been modified to stop the door flying open. But during 1972, the Nixon regime was in the process of strengthening the presidential grip on governmental agencies; the man who would have been responsible for issuing the directive was bypassed, and a 'gentleman's agreement' reached with the company about suitable modifications to the door.

But some planes never got modified; ship 29, an 'orphan ship' which had been built for a Japanese buyer who had reckoned without the Lockheed salesmen, was one such. True, there was a stamp to say that the work had been done, but the stamp was one which antedated the firm's specification for the job – that is, it had been falsified. Turkish Airlines bought ship 29 on bargain terms – McDonnell Douglas was desperate for the cash, and there is at least a suspicion that the Turkish government was interested in a few jet transports in case of trouble in Cyprus. But could Turkish Airlines fly or, more importantly, maintain such a plane? The evidence is not reassuring; Turkish pilots were ex-air force pilots and extremely skilled; Turkish flight engineers were more or less non-existent. Since a huge plane like the DC-10 depends on flight engineers as much as on pilots, Douglas got worried.

At no stage did anybody in particular do anything especially wicked or irresponsible; but over and over again, the standards on which the builders of aircraft, airline companies and regulatory agencies officially pride themselves were simply put on one side. The story is still not complete, for the battle between the relatives of the dead and the builders of the aircraft over their liability for damages still grinds on.

But, what is the moral? Mary Hope, speaking for many of the plaintiffs, says they don't seek money, but justice, or retribution. The builders of ship 29 don't exactly disarm such strong feeling, but it surely can't be the answer. If criminal negligence is at issue, then it is the business of the state, rather than the relatives of the victims, to punish the guilty. If it isn't, the sad truth must be that this is yet another case where the deficiencies of bureaucracy can be remedied only by the more scrupulous application of the virtues of bureaucracy. It is the routinisation of care which keeps aircraft flying; it isn't the inculcation of heroic virtue but the patching of holes in the routine which will make sure that fewer stop doing so. The only people in a position to carry out these repairs are the members of the US Congress; it is good news that the authors have sent a copy of *Destination Disaster* to every one of them.

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Anthony Howard

Too Civil By Half

The Power Game by JOCK BRUCE-GARDYNE and NIGEL LAWSON *Macmillan* £7.95
The Governance of Britain by HAROLD WILSON *Weidenfeld/Michael Joseph* £5.00

Politicians do not customarily concede that 'the overwhelming majority of decisions in government are in practice taken by the civil service machine' – but then Jock Bruce-Gardyne and Nigel Lawson (the one a former Tory backbencher, the other a current one) have never held office and so feel free to tell the truth. Their book, despite its down-market title, is a serious study of the way policy decisions within government tend to be taken. The authors take four case histories – Concorde, the Common Market, the abolition of resale price maintenance and the battle to prevent devaluation – and from them build up a cumulative picture of British government which strongly suggests that as between the twin kingdoms of Westminster and Whitehall there is no doubt which has the real power. Indeed, the cynical reader might well conclude that in politics it is the civil servants' theatre in Whitehall that provides the drama while the People's Palace down the road at Westminster supplies the farce.

Not that Mr Bruce-Gardyne and Mr Lawson set out to be unkind: they merely recognise the futility of persisting with the myth that it is ministers who are the decision-makers while civil servants are no more than assessors or advisers. Rightly, they pinpoint and identify the mandarins whose movements across the civil service chess board had just as much to do with the shaping of British policy over the last 15 years as any departmental placing of individual politicians. They record, for example, a crucial changing of the permanent secretaries' Pretorian Guard that took place around 1960 and had just as much influence on Britain's eventual decision to sue for membership of the EEC as any cabinet appointments. They point out,

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too, that the initiative usually cited as the foundation-stone of Mr Heath's subsequent career – the decision to abolish resale price maintenance in 1964 – originated in departmental pressure rather than any initial exercise of will on the part of the then Secretary of State for Industry, Trade and Regional Development. The Concorde fiasco emerges, admittedly, as a more politically muddied saga – but even here the project would have been (mercifully) stillborn but for the persistence and determination of the then powerful Ministry of Aviation and its formidable permanent secretary, Sir Richard Way (one of the few departmental civil servants to have battered the Treasury itself into submission). Only the story of the effort to hold the line against devaluation from 1964-67 turns out to have been a drama in which politicians not only wrote the script but (taking account of the specially imported economic advisers) supplied all the central players as well. And some might well view that as the *locus classicus* of Westminster farce.

Mr Bruce-Gardyne and Mr Lawson have written a valuable and stimulating book, all the better for the way in which it defies the normal rule-book of the politicians' trade union. Their achievement seems to me especially notable as – unlike, for instance, Dick Crossman – they did not have the advantage of being eye-witnesses to the decision-making processes they record (though Mr Lawson's spell as a speech-writer to Sir Alec Douglas-Home obviously came in handy for the best chapter in the book, the account of the 1964 battle over the abolition of resale price maintenance). They have, however, demonstrated, as Ian Gilmour did seven years ago with his *The Body Politic*, that there are many worse ways for backbenchers to fill their time than by resolving to discover how government really works.

An ex-prime minister knows, no doubt, a great deal more about that than any couple of backbenchers, however enterprising; but what a man knows and what he is prepared to tell can be very different things. The proof is to be found in Sir Harold Wilson's *The Governance of Britain*, my own leading candidate for this season's non-book championship. Only its pretentious title and its imposing dust jacket serve to disguise what it really is – a spiced-up Central Office of Information hand-out on British political and constitutional practice. One politician I know who served in both Sir Harold's Administrations managed to get that message both economically and painlessly. Leafing through the book he discovered a chapter entitled 'The Prime Minister and National Security'. 'Ah,' he thought to himself, 'there's something I know absolutely nothing about, let's see what I can learn.' He found himself confronted with a chapter of 189 words beginning with the paragraph:

> The prime minister has the ultimate responsibility for the national security authorities at home and abroad, though the home and overseas organisations concerned come departmentally under the Home Office and the Foreign and Commonwealth Office responsibilty.

– and ending some 130 words later with the paragraph:

> There is no further information that can usefully or properly be added before bringing this Chapter to an end.

If by no means a wiser, he is at least not a poorer man. He hung on to his £5. So should you.

Donald Gould

Symptomatic

In Sickness and in Health by DAVID OWEN
Quartet £4.95 and £1.95

David Owen was only the second doctor to become a health minister. Some previous holders of the office – Enoch Powell, for example – have argued strongly that there is no need for a health minister to have close understanding of medicine, any more than a housing minister needs to know about damp courses and roof ties. The minister's job, says Powell, is to take political decisions. He relies upon his civil servants to advise him on technical matters. Indeed, it may be a positive disadvantage for the political head of a department of state to be a member of one of the trades or professions working within his field of influence.

Perhaps there is some virtue in this argument, and there have certainly been forceful and effective men in charge of health – Bevan, Crossman and, indeed, Powell himself – who have done their jobs wisely and well without really knowing the difference between a radiologist and a radiographer, let alone how to distinguish a polymorph from a lymphocyte. But David Owen is not only a doctor – he was also one of the most valuable political administrators the Department of Health has ever had, and it is not too much to suggest that his presence at the Elephant during the past two tumultuous years may have saved the NHS from a complete, if temporary, collapse. For even if all the doctors had 'resigned', and even if the health service unions had called all their members out on strike, a new NHS would certainly have emerged from the ruins – it is now, as David Owen points out, a permanent part of the fabric of our society. It is not simply an instrument for treating disease – it is an expression of a national sense of social responsibility.

But the NHS did not collapse, and this may well have been due to the fact that the Minister of State for Health understood doctors and understood medicine. Certainly the medical profession and the pharmaceutical industry, both of which appeared to be shaping up for a direct confrontation with the Government, felt that in David Owen there was somebody they could talk to with a chance of having their voice heard and their problems recognised. If politics is the art of the possible, then so, to a large extent, is the practice of medicine, and Dr Owen knows just how far the NHS, and the people who work in it and for it, can be manipulated to meet desirable political and social ends without the risk of breakdown.

In Sickness and in Health is a synthesis of

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his speeches and writings on the NHS and the problems of health care, and it shows very well the range of his insights and understandings. Take, for example, his assessment of the doctor's powers and limitations. He says that society gives status and privileges to the medical profession because of a touching faith in its ability to heal mental and physical ills. Yet, he says, the honest doctor is all too well aware of the inadequacies of his skills in the face of a great many of the physical afflictions of mankind. The brute truth is that the vast bulk of the diseases which now maim and kill (coronary artery disease, cancer and arthritis among them) do not respond to any treatment the doctor can offer. Most of the doctor's time is spent in helping his patients live with their troubles. For most patients the most that a doctor can do is alleviate symptoms. God still cures more patients than do physicians. This kind of realism is surely essential in somebody charged with influencing the disposition of the finite resources available to meet an infinite demand for health care.

A similar understanding and down-to-earth approach illuminates his chapters on the hospital service, the relationship of doctors with politicians, research priorities, the costs of ageing, inequalities in the provision of health care and the care of the mentally ill. David Owen was a health minister who really did know his job, and it is a sad thing for the NHS that he has been plucked from a department he could have headed and served so well.

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Pastoral

Bloomsbury Portraits by RICHARD SHONE
Phaidon £8.95

'The Bloomsbury hypnotism is rank,' wrote Virginia Woolf a trifle sourly in 1918, watching the postwar generation go down like ninepins under a spell which is scarcely less potent almost half a century later. Richard Shone's *Bloomsbury Portraits* is a somewhat baffling study of the painters, Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell, handsomely illustrated and intended – as its author rather disarmingly explains – to fall somewhere between biography and criticism. As critic, Mr Shone sticks uncomfortably close to a text taken from one of Roger Fry's wistful letters to Vanessa Bell: 'what thrilling things you and Duncan do and say about art . . . ' As biographer, he is reticent to vanishing point: the breakdown of Vanessa Bell's marriage, for instance, is nowhere mentioned and her affair with Duncan Grant may be inferred only from a formal announcement of the birth of their daughter. For a more detailed account of Duncan Grant's electrifying effect on his friends when young, one must still go to David Garnett, or to Michael Holroyd's biography of Grant's cousin, *Lytton Strachey*; while Vanessa Bell's upbringing, temperament and private life are explored, slantwise but a great deal more fully, in her son's life of her sister.

We know from Quentin Bell's *Virginia Woolf* that it was settled between Virginia and Vanessa Stephen almost as soon as they could talk at all that the one would write and the other paint; also that a rivalry between the sisters on various fronts, including this one, persisted right up to Virginia's death. It would have been interesting to know how far their purely literary background, and more particularly Vanessa's wretched relations with their father – reinforced perhaps by her sister's taste for words, and later by the strongly literary bias of Bloomsbury itself – shaped Vanessa's wish to be a painter. But it would have been still more interesting to have some guidance as to what it was that seems to have inhibited both her development and Duncan Grant's: whether either felt any element of exclusion or rejection in their gradual divergence from the rest of Bloomsbury; and whether it was professional dedication, social expedience or simply domestic convenience which led them to spend the greater part of their lives together in the country, painting more or less lyrical studies of their friends, flowers, views and children in an atmosphere of mutual admiration, encouragement and apparent indifference to the world at large.

Admittedly there is no reason why Mr Shone should press these points in an essay which is biographical only on the most cursory level. What is odd is that he makes no great claims for his subjects as painters, seeming even at times curiously reluctant to tell them apart. He tacitly admits Grant to be the more versatile, if not the abler painter; and one may detect a note of feeling in his account of the gaffe made by the young Cyril Connolly, who was generally agreed to have grown too big for his boots when he described their joint show at the Lefevre gallery in 1932 as 'a fine sight for the connoisseur who enjoys discriminating between the two painters, one so much better than the other . . .'

Beyond this fairly elementary distinction, Mr Shone confines himself to pointing out that the work of both has been neglected (and by implication underrated). He concedes that it tailed off, or at any rate ceased to interest him, by the end of the Thirties; and he is at pains to establish that during and just after the first war Grant made some brief experiments with abstraction and other techniques currently available in Paris. By 1914, Vanessa Bell had already recognised Picasso as 'probably one of the greatest geniuses who has ever lived'. Indeed, it was her enthusiasm for her French contemporaries which periodically deepened that strain of dissatisfaction and self-depreciation running through her letters: 'It's too awful if everyone turns out a failure,' she wrote after looking at Picasso, Matisse and Derain, 'and if even Duncan at his age is already going for less fine things than he did.'

If their receptiveness is not in question, nor is their seriousness, their unswerving dedication to their art, their absolute freedom from commercial taint ('To work for immediate success never entered anyone's head,' as Grant observed). One is left puzzled to account for the insipidities, the stylistic uncertainties, above all that almost flirtatious attitude to other men's techniques which seem to have prevented Grant from evolving any ultimately satisfactory manner of his own. One would have liked to know more about the Post-Impressionist exhibition, which must have been depressing, not simply in the sense Vanessa Bell describes, but also for the barbarity of its reception, that 'lamentable view of human nature, its rank stupidity and uncharitableness' which the whole business left with Leonard Woolf. Bloomsbury was right, of course, about the Post-Impressionists, just as later its members were eminently rational about World War I.

Mr Shone vividly describes the domestic disruptions of this period, the worry and distress caused to conscientious objectors, the heartfelt longing abroad in Bloomsbury to get back to unfussed meals and uninterrupted conversations with one's friends. But one can't help wondering whether the effect, especially on the painters, of this double dislocation – the shock of finding themselves, aesthetically and emotionally speaking, out of step with nearly everybody else – may not have gone deeper than is generally allowed. It was round about this time that the two painters settled at Charleston, a move one may see as part of that withdrawal from active combat which was so deeply ingrained in the whole of Bloomsbury. But in their case a retreat which certainly contained elements of heroism served also increasingly to cut them off from both criticism and competition. One can only speculate as to whether the pioneering activities rightly stressed by Mr Shone – an admiration for the Paris school that stopped rather far short of assimilation – may not have proved a heavy, eventually a crushing

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burden when borne in isolation by two such delicate talents.

Even Mr Shone plumps in the end, and a shade hesitantly, for their successes in the decorative and design line rather than in painting. He writes rapturously of the delights of Charleston, its painted doors, walls, bedsteads and logboxes; and his chapter on the Omega workshop is perhaps the best thing in the book. But he might have written more searchingly about two lives of considerable interest and achievement if he had not chosen to cast them as the kind of historical-romantical-pastoral idyll against which Bloomsbury – or at least Mrs Bell, who emerges from her correspondence in this volume as humorous, astute and resolutely truthful – so firmly set its face.

V. S. Pritchett

The Low Moustache

Try Anything Once by RAYMOND MORTIMER
Hamish Hamilton £6.95

For more than 40 years Raymond Mortimer has been the most prolific and eminent of weekly literary critics; more austere or perhaps more avid for the deadline than the rest of us, he has been an almost total abstainer from authorship. It is 30 years since *Channel Packet* appeared – a selection from the pieces he wrote for this paper – when one had expected a biography at the least. In that book he made a clear stand for the traditions of periodical criticism – the long list of names from Hazlitt, Macaulay, Bagehot, Leslie Stephen and Desmond MacCarthy to the gifted sprinters of weekly journalism. For Mr Mortimer the periodical critic addresses himself to the educated but general reader, not to academics or their pupils; he does not preach or lecture; he thinks of criticism as a 'discourse upon human nature'; its style should be civilised and conversational and – at the 1,500 word level – it has to be witty, opinionated, clear and without lumber in the syntax. The writer's voice should appear to evoke other voices, working thoughtfully towards definitions and discriminations that cannot be final, but will wake up the imagination.

An example of this easy manner can be seen in the following lines that occur in his comment on Christopher Ricks's words about Tennyson and his borrowings; Mr Mortimer writes:

> The cleverest of our modern poets (W. H. Auden) has called [Tennyson] stupid – a verdict that would have staggered the many intellectuals who valued his friendship. The truth, I think, is that his brain was responsive and prehensile rather than penetrating or dominant.

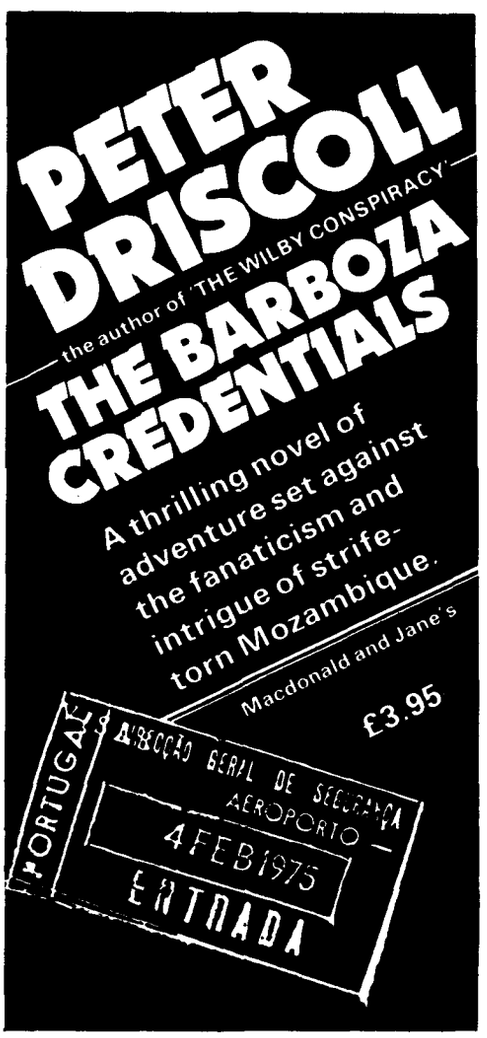
The last phrase comes from *Try Anything Once*, a new selection of Mortimer's writings, mostly done in his post-NEW STATESMAN days. 'Prehensile' – that is perfect; we are delighted that the hunt for the decisive word has not lost its fever. At his best, Raymond Mortimer has been addicted, feverish, restless, ready for skirmish, his very mannerisms giving him the special edge a natural performer must have. This seems to have been noted by Virginia Woolf in a letter to Lytton Strachey. She mentions meeting a young man (whom Mortimer slyly says he 'seems to recognise') whose 'modernity seems to me miraculous, as if he had already been to a lunch party which had not yet been given'. This youthful histrionic gift must be borne in mind before one is entirely taken in by his sedulously impersonal autobiographical preface to the present volume, in which he poses as an archaic grampus. The self-effacement is armoured:

> The author born in 1895 has retained many characteristics of the Victorian professional class to which his family belonged. Though much indulged as an only child, he has never entirely recovered from an early training in such old bourgeois habits as self-control, industry and politeness. What's more he remains a shameless elitist . . .

The fighting message continues. Liberty and equality are incompatible ideas. A happy home life in which no angry voice was raised (he goes on) gave him confidence in himself, kept him cheerful so that, unlike many writers, he has not been 'subject to manic depressive tendencies'. A 'prig, swot and muff' at his disgusting prep and public schools, he naturally became a fatalist, distrustful of the authority and accepted ideas that emerged from headmasters who had made the fatal mistake of being 'moustachioed and Low Church'. Note the phrase. Virginia Woolf's modern young man was no Victorian, nor indeed for that matter was she, if one accepts the view that the Victorian label has to be ripped off after 1880. Any sense that the Low was in some way more morally or socially desirable or virtuous is henceforth rejected. And being moustachioed was, artistically, a defect.

But what was the imaginary lunch party the young Mortimer – if it was he – suggested to Virginia Woolf's teasing mind? Some outrageous 'do' in which Cocteau, Gide, Proust and Anatole France distract him from the sight of English Philistinism? Not at all. His mind was on a native orgy: the sight of Victorianism *toute entière à sa proie attachée*, the deeply Romantic drama, the high comedy and tragic torment of the mid-Victorian's passionate will to believe; the heat of the feeling for goodness and the voice of conscience. By far the best piece of writing in *Try Anything Once* is an extensive study of the leading figures in the Tractarian movement and a concealed Clark Lecture which Raymond Mortimer has, for some fastidious reason, not allowed out of his hands since. I think the reason has been a far sterner respect for scholarship than many scholars themselves would feel. The lure of the subjects obviously lay in its freedom from the Low moustache; the vogue of Lytton Strachey may also have given a hint, but what seems to have started Raymond Mortimer was the jolt a young man receives when he finds that certain matters which surely seemed to have been settled had not been settled at all. 'When geologists, biologists and textual critics adduced evidence that contradicted the literal truth of the Scriptures, the Victorians were dumbfounded.' How, after Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire could they be? Was it that their arguments seemed shallow because they were expressed with wit? The Victorians, it seems, could be distressed only by writers like Strauss and Mill who were as solemn as themselves: style, it turns out, is the laudanum of the unhappy. The subject is seen by a biographical essayist, a portrait painter who is at times on the point of becoming a novelist, but rejects fiction – he finds truth more moving because it is bizarre.

I am thinking of Raymond Mortimer's superb portraits of Ideal Ward, Froude, Bagehot, Newman, Jowett, Pattison and Carlyle. What are we to make, for example, of Newman's impenetrable mixing of scepticism and credulity? How astonishing – and yet energising to them – was the element of self-contradiction in so many Victorians who appear to drag their Unconscious about with them as either a whipping boy or devious Holy Fool. Newman (Mortimer reminds us) went out of his way to accept pious legends which the pious were no longer asked to believe in, such as 'the aeronautical journey of the Holy



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House of Lorete from Nazareth to the vicinity of Ancoma, with a landing on the way to Dalmatia'. Were his beliefs merely reflections of his wishes, as his enemies said? No:

> Just as [Newman] was credulous because by nature sceptical so he was ascetic, one may hazard, because by nature sensuous. Those who like their heroes simple should keep away from Newman no less than from Mr Gladstone. On the other hand, even the deepest divergences on opinion and temperament fail to prevent some of us from finding in these intricate, not to say tortuous, spirits a profound and charming nobility.

Ideal Ward offers a character that is at once robustly comic, intellectually dangerous and innocent. At the centre of the Tractarian row, the passage to Rome and the storms about Papal Infallibility, Ward was the supreme ultra-montane – indeed only an overweight Englishman could have been so madly, drastically, more Papist than the Pope. Everything about him including his bigotry is delightful, as a sort of generous outrage on his part. Entirely good-natured, he was at pains to enjoy general war with everyone: 'The Wards' (he remarked of his family) 'have always disagreed on every conceivable subject.' And if by any chance he happened to find himself talking to his brother, with whom he was not on speaking terms, he was careful to send a letter of apology afterwards and beg that they should resume treating each other as honest strangers. But if this energetic defender of the Inquisition and the Stake is absurd, he is also solid and endearing as the logical kind of fanatic sometimes is. His vice was worse than fanaticism; it was lack of imagination: in our irreligious times, we have not noticed that the ultramontane ethic has become a very present political fact. A sunny, peppery man like Ward had no time for the belief that the heart of Christianity was to be found in silly, secondary ideas like the Golden Rule. 'What differentiates Christianity from the pagan philosophies' – Mortimer writes as he finishes this portrait – 'is that it makes duty towards God, the first obligation from which duty towards one's neighbour is only a derivative.' The childlike Ward was making a demand for surrender to absolute Power first: a very modern doctrine: no human relationship except through the Party.

I have said nothing of Raymond Mortimer as the belligerent grammarian, the graceful portrayer of his friends in Bloomsbury or as a traveller in search of the pleasures of painting and architecture. Under the kind gaze of our tutor there is a marked demand that the reader would do well to keep up with his conversation, play his part, mind his manners and not make mistakes.

C Day Lewis Fellowships

Applications are invited from published creative writers resident in the United Kingdom for 2 C Day Lewis Fellowships in libraries. The fellowships will be tenable at Sutton Central Library and Brixton Library, Lambeth, and each carries an award of £2,000.
The Fellowships will be for 9 months commencing in January 1977, and the writer will be expected to spend 2 days a week at the library during this period, working under the direction of the Borough Librarian.
There is no application form, but letters of application should be sent to

The Literature Officer
Greater London Arts Association
25/31 Tavistock Place
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from whom further details may be obtained.
The closing date for applications is 29 November 1976.

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Basil Davidson

Force Field

Hungary 1956 by BILL LOMAX *Allison & Busby* £5.25 and £2.95

It looked at the time like something long prepared and planned. How otherwise could this small and landlocked people of the middle Danube conceivably throw off a tyranny so cunning and complete, so suffocating and so brutal, as that imposed by Stalin through the maniacal Rákosi and his kind? One might expect the Poles to get away with a dash for independence, anyway up to a point, for the Poles were a numerous people given to fighting for survival, if they had to, and quite accustomed to measuring the Muscovites at a very sceptical valuation, or worse. But the Hungarians?

They seemed, all the same, to have done it. Five days after the initial rising of 23 October, 20 years ago, following a journey from Warsaw by no regular means of transport, I happened to be walking down Rákoczi Street through a city where the tremors of revolt still shook the ground, mostly from the positioning of Soviet tanks and the tart clink of 'overs' landing on the tarmac, but where, all the same, the thing seemed done. Illusion, of course; and yet the dictatorship and all its works appeared in those few euphoric days to have collapsed beyond recall. And wasn't there, half way down Rákoczi, the symbol of that burial? Here, just off the boulevard, another noise rattled above the snarl of moving armour in the background. Hammers pecked at a long tube of metal several feet round. Prostrate, dissected, one of the legs of Stalin's toppled statue was yielding souvenirs.

Afterwards, it soon became clear that nothing had been long prepared, much less planned. With the courage of a grim despair, this people had thrown itself into a rush for freedom without, so far as could be shown, any careful measuring of what Moscow would do, or of what the West would not do, or of the local chances of success. At no point, as Bill Lomax's interesting and sympathetic account repeatedly bears out, were those who took over the leadership in a position to know, for example, that the Hungarian army would do what the Polish army would have done, and resist the incursion of Soviet tank brigades. They even refrained from any serious attempt to organise such resistance until it was too late. And then, when political control of their movement began to slide towards fantasy or reaction, they proved unable to recapture the initiative.

Some of these leaders were men of outstanding quality, notably Pál Malatér. Others, notably the best leaders of the insurrectionary workers' councils, could and did guarantee that masses of men would follow a determined lead which had nothing to do with any return to capitalism. The great strikes proved that. But the courteous Imre Nagy, whose later execution by Soviet command will always remain among the worst crimes of that gruesome era, was not a Tito nor even a Gomulka. Having havered at one extreme, Nagy jumped to the other. Events overtook and overwhelmed him.

What does a thoughtful inquirer, who was 12 years old at the time, now see in this rendering of a tragedy? Broadly, Lomax finds that it can stand the test of the years, but adds much material that is new or far from generally available, and many fresh perceptions. He gives us what seems to me the most generally accurate and useful book that we have had upon the whole subject.

Later – and to an extent at the time – the intellectuals got all the play. Their part was not a small one, yet Lomax is surely right in arguing that 'from the very start, it was the masses of working people', the factory workers of Ujpest, Csepel, Györ and elsewhere, whether in the capital or the provinces, 'not the elite of writers and politicians, who were responsible for the birth and development of the revolutionary movement' which sprang from the revolt. This angle of approach gives Lomax scope for some unusual and profound searching for the truth, and he uses it.

The book, as a book, suffers from an inexperience which confusingly amalgamates narrative and thesis. The narrative proceeds in stops and starts, repeatedly treads back upon itself, loses much of the sense of accumulating fatality that stood in those days so centrally upon the scene. The thesis, that the revolutionary movement took shape in opposing new forms of self-organisation 'at the base' to the dead hand of a despised autocracy, is well supported by the material, but would have much better emerged if it had been made to follow the narrative rather than having to hop alongside. I think the dilemmas of the leadership would become more understandable if greater attention had been paid to the Soviet dilemma, which certainly existed; and this, too, would have better prepared one for the strange contradictions in the regime that followed.

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Valentine Cunningham

Small Change

For to End Yet Again by SAMUEL BECKETT *Calder* £3.50
London Magazine Stories 10 edited by ALAN ROSS *London Magazine Editions* £3.75
Winter's Tales 22 edited by JAMES WRIGHT *Macmillan* £3.95
Woolworth Madonna by ELIZABETH TROOP *Duckworth* £3.95

It's reflections on scale that are immediately prompted by this week's batch. For instance, the new volume of Macmillan short stories includes a *novella* (their editor's word) running to 102 packed sides. Whereas Elizabeth Troop's admittedly fetching new 'novel' grants the reader a meagre 123 sparsely printed pages. Seemingly, the thin-enough 70-thousander of yesteryear will soon appear a lost Eden of fictional plenty.

For financial reasons, if for no others, we're evidently set to be soon awash with *novellas* like Miss Troop's, and we've still no critical concept in England of what the genre of the tiny novel entails of writers or demands of readers. There's still, to be exacter, not even an English – nor even an agreed anglicised – name for what the wily continentals have long since been specifying with some precision as the *novella* or *Novelle* or *nouvelle*. For their part, Beckett's publishers dodge the problem by simply anglicising, I hope uncantingly, the current French *texte*. In Beckett's hands texts come more expensive yet than *novellas* (even Duckworth's *novellas*: for Duckworth's price Macmillan's throw in a bonus of five short stories – including one by Elizabeth Troop). At £3.50 for (generous calculation) 20 pages of texts, your modernism really bites into the pocket-money.

Go, litel bok, one feels like saying, but not for long: however exiguous, Beckett is worth every inflated penny. He's so full of surprises, and not just verbal ones (after all he's always had punny aces stashed up his sleeve): on this occasion there are doctrinal ones. After that remorseless paring away, the steely accumulating of lessnesses, that pincer movement on the void that must logically end in silence: lo, a resurrection. On stage, an expansion from a mere cry to a fully visible pair of lips and then – amplitudes! – a whole face. Will, one wonders, *mirabile visu*, whole Beckett bodies re-emerge on the boards, scrambling back from the darkness and out of the mounds and dustbins? *For to End Yet Again* endorses such a possibility. The end in darkness, silence and immobility that the earlier fiction appeared to promise has still not come. A couple of monstrous bier-carrying dwarfs are actually in motion, albeit the familiar frustrated motion ('can never fare nearer to anywhere nor from anywhere further away'), in a moment of grey dawn before darkness 'switches on' again.

Just so, a terribly disfigured narrator starts to come into the light, begins to get out of bed again; another traveller refuses to concede that he's reached the end of his hemmed-in, straitened road and 'squeezes through'; a light gleams over the arena that encloses the millions in dark silence. In some ways, of course, this postponing of apocalypse, the transition from lessness into endlessness, the shift from ultimates to penultimates or even antepenultimates, might seem to adumbrate a greater horror – the considered request for euthenasia turned down, at best the coming evil day merely put off for a while. Still to live, where you were settling for the stillness of death? Beckett works with his customary dazzle on *still*, and not just in his text 'Still'. *Still* is noiseless, *still* is motionless: and these characters, moving and hearing again, are being snatched from stillness. But they are, thus, made to *be* still: to go on being. And for all the continued minimality of their existence, the continuing pointlessness of their stasis, the air of optimism is extraordinary. Especially in 'Old Earth' (dated, uniquely in this collection, 'Paris, August 1974'). In a moving testament to the humanity that many critics want to deny Beckett, its narrator recalls past loves and deaths, affectionate for what he can see, standing still at his window. Alive, and humane – as is, so to say, tellingly proved by this collection – still.

The tenth gathering of *London Magazine Stories* is, as ever, a mine of engrossing short fictions. They're scarcely adventurous as to form, except perhaps for the cinematic connections in Owen Leeming's tale of erotic failure in Africa. Nobody specially stands out, though William Sansom's dangerous-driving parmesan cheese and Michael Mewshaw's fat strip-show proprietor with a full set of both male and female private parts are pretty memorable. But, equally, there are no dud fivers, and the whole observant, liberal, highly literate and international mix adds up to delight.

Winter's Tales does go in for star turns – for Nadine Gordimer, who presents a matching pair of events composing one salutary tale about love across the racial bars in South Africa. She's not only convincingly compassionate, evincing a fine sympathy for victims of absurd oppressions, but possessed of the most pausingly careful eye of any novelist now writing, for the dense specificities of the physical world. But, for me, the week's real discovery is Elizabeth Troop. If the tone of *Woolworth Madonna* is never managed entirely surely – both the working-class mum with the yen for culture and the upper-class slummer who plugs her into his Festival Hall scene make about-turns that are too abrupt for complete conviction – it does show a real talent as well as social passion. A talent delightingly proven by her 'The Rise and Fall of Bulky Baby, Guerilla' in *Winter's Tales*: a sharply manoeuvered black comedy, a Modest Proposal from the babe's-eye-view. Enough to make a Beckett character laugh.

Ted Hughes

Postcard from Torquay

He gazed round, the tall young German on the jetty,
With a few words
That sounded like English so lordly
It was incomprehensible. It was actually echt Deutsch.

Under one hand, the uptilting stern of his glass yacht.
In the other, the dainty, quivering wind-vane
Like a conductor's baton. He paused.
His two companions, almost English

In their woolly gloom, demoralised Bavarians,
Brother and bespectacled dull sister,
Hating England,
Humped by the brilliant yacht, like too much baggage.

He narrowed heron-pale eyes
In the spanking mid-morning Sunday wind
That bounched off the July sea, and panicked bunting
And slapped shots out of the stacked deckchairs.

He poised, in the wobbly mirror
Of the snapping puddles
And the curl-mouthed glances of the rabble English
And the sea's heroic bulge.

Then stalked off
In his minimal continental sportswear,
Commandant – at home
On the first morning of Occupation –

To arrange, with lofty carrying words,
His costly yacht's descent
Into that swell of tourist effluent
And holiday turds.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Ian Hamilton

We're off to see the Wizard

Somebody ought to chart the steps by which Harold Macmillan has achieved his present, near-Churchillian status as our best-loved sage and prophet. I can't recall the 'old wizard' being regarded as all *that* wizard-like when he was actually in office, and nor perhaps can even he. Nowadays, though, our need for some palsied helmsman who can steer us through the swamp has become positively whimpering, so when Harold commits himself to some vague musings about coalition they are leapt on as if they represented a new principle of life. Macmillan was always good at making the most of his television time and must be slightly appalled now, watching from the shadows, at how easy it's become to grab the headlines, appear to have 'started a debate', and generally get thought of as a thinker.

Certainly. Mac's triumph rather queered Wilson's pitch. No doubt he'd hoped that *The Wilson Interview* (Yorkshire), along with the publication of his *The Governance of Britain* (note the strained-for resonance of both titles), would win him instant promotion to the elder-statesman bracket. David Frost's more than usually slack-jawed demeanour signalled to us that we were in the realm of heavy thinking. Wilson looked effortfully tranquil, beyond the hurly-burly and now able to offer us the fruits of his detached reflectiveness. The trouble is that it's only about six months since he was in there with the rest of them, shifting his ground, patching things up and telling as many fibs as he could get away with. Mac could have advised him that it takes *time* for people to make the shift from believing nothing a politician says to treating his meanest cliché as a pearl. It also takes time for a politician to forget that questions are to be answered with maximum evasiveness; to evolve a rhetoric of candour can take years of patient application.

But Harold's in a hurry, and it was rather sad to watch him trying to suppress his old mannerisms, to seem unguarded and non-cunning. He also had to fight hard to quell surges of sour boastfulness, and to pretend he now loved everyone he'd ever hated (even the press and Edward Heath: we're currently seeing 'the real Edward Heath', he plangently opined). Frost gaped respectfully, but it must have been clear to both of them that they weren't hitting a consistent style; the reminiscences were too prone to self-justification, the chuckles (at a film of one of John Bird's impersonations) too strenuously human, the relaxation far too tense.

Tense, maybe, but at least Harold was allowed to take a seat. One of the revelations of the *Ford-Carter Debate* (BBC-2) transmissions has been how very hard it is to sound honest standing up. Carter grips his pulpit and aims for rock-like immobility, and Ford has invisible strings attached to his arms (and a puppet-master who's always a fraction of a step behind the script) but both of them look excruciatingly uncomfortable, as if they'd rather be anywhere than here. Which isn't any good, because here is precisely where they're supposed to want to be: meeting the nation, being grilled, getting the chance to tell it like it is, and so on. Of the two (though I regret to say I missed the foreign policy debate) Carter seemed better drilled, and marginally more quick-witted, but after a time I found myself rather admiring the dead, repetitive prolixity of Ford's replies; boring, yes, but in terms of issue-obscuring, point-avoiding and the rest, reassuringly Presidential.

Carter's campaign was this week under the scrutiny of *World In Action* (Granada), and although their study placed unnecessarily awed stress upon the computerised non-spontaneity of his approach to the electorate (as if Carter was the first to 'win elections by finding out what people want to hear and then telling them'), it was a useful corrective to any lingering illusion that here we have a plain-souled farmer's boy. As his advisers and observers explained, a 'non-issue' campaign needs a 'vacuous platform', and we were shown Jimmy delivering the same vehemently empty speech in half a dozen different towns. Now and again, though, the Peanut One computer will instruct the candidate to introduce a small lump of local content, and it will also warn him which subjects to keep off. Thus, bound for Boston, he must say to himself ten times: play up the price of oil but stay away from bussing and abortion. We saw Carter obediently hammering the energy angle and winning riotous applause – and, best of all, getting his hand pumped by a bare-fanged Teddy Kennedy. Pity those thrilled Bostonians couldn't have overheard the gratified comment from one of Carter's aides: 'We had to find a good issue for him so he wouldn't get bogged down in who loves the foetus most.'

A tasteful observation that would have slotted neatly into Dominic Behan's eccentric *To Glasgow With Love* (BBC-2). A trio of Scots tipplers are on a train to Glasgow, where they plan to arrange a decent, non-Sassenach burial for the recently done-in 'wee Lackey'. The twist is that wee Lackey is accompanying them, in an urn. And here most of the cackling begins and ends. The urn gets left behind on a platform, spilt on a bar, mistaken for an ice-bucket – and almost, at one point, for an ashtray. Reduced to dust, wee Lackey is still bar-bound. Stock anti-Scots jibes were woven in (the cremation had been done at London prices: 'Och, there's little of him for that money') and the nastier material seemed laboured for, but the whole thing had some genuine dottiness, and reeled along to a convincing hangover.

Drunk most of the time also was the central character in last week's episode of *The Crezz* (Thames). The tribal habits of the residents of the snootier of London's squares are probably mysterious to provincial viewers and this may account for the lack of enthusiasm with which this series seems to have been received. There *is* a small world here to be examined, although from what I've seen, *The Crezz* adopts a too heavy-handedly genial approach. The most recent episode was by William Trevor and featured a burnt-out sub-gent trying to reinstate himself in the affections of his long ago deserted wife. The wife, snugly cocooned by the respectabilities and conventions of 'the square', doesn't feel too welcoming. Hubby therefore takes to hanging about the square, sporting with the kids and being watched nervously from behind curtains. The wife is much embarrassed and pretends she doesn't know him, so the nauseating Joss Acland sturdily arranges his removal. Not so easy, though; repulsed once too often, he's arranged his own. Barely an unpredictable moment throughout, but redeemed for me by a genuinely touching performance from Ronald Fraser.

There were excellent performances, too, in the sixth episode of *I, Claudius* (BBC-2) and they helped to distract attention from the script's brisk treatment of the Roman empire. Sian Philips as Livia, who's been poisoning her way through the series, ends up on the brink of natural causes and somehow manages to make her request for deification seem not too presumptuous. John Hurt as Caligula promisingly limbered up for the brutalities that will no doubt be on show next week, and George Baker continues to crumble efficiently as Tiberius.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Death in Venice

Il Campiello *Olivier*
Dear Daddy *Ambassadors*
An' Me Wi' a Bad Leg Tae *Theatr Upstairs*

'Oh, Venice, my dear, dear Venice!' burble someone towards the end of *Il Campiello* - and was it just imagination that made m think she was rather deliberately underlinin the proper nouns? Certainly, we might hav been somewhere else altogether, given th accents that had been banging about th piazza where the play is set. Peggy Moun had apparently jetted in from London Andrew Byatt from Glasgow, and Stephe Rea from some tough street just off th Shankill Road in war-torn Belfast. Bery Reid hied from the Home Counties, as di Michael Gough, though he was actuall playing an aristocratic lecher on sexua

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safari from Naples. On the other hand, Morag Hood, whose origins were also supposed to be Neopolitan, spoke pure Morningside and, just to emphasise her genteel pretensions, walked like a circus horse as well. Eighteenth-century Venice was evidently a pretty cosmopolitan place: you could have expected the gondoliers to call you 'hinny' as you paid your fare, the priests in St Mark's Square to mutter at one another in Welsh, and the very thieves to grab your purse with a manly Kentish oath on their nut-brown lips.

One can see the difficulties that confronted Bill Bryden as director. If he'd forced his cast to touch up their voices with Italian, he'd probably have reduced the play to a rowdy spaghetti restaurant, with braggadocio waiters bawling 'I a-coming, signor' and 'momente, madame' at the stricken customers in the stalls. Yet if he'd avoided this embarrassing prospect by plumping the lot of them down in Liverpool 8, or beneath the Royal Mile, those pumice-grey buildings, dour clothes and chill British winds would have made a jaunty, outdoor way of life seem strangely implausible. Perhaps there's no solution except awkward compromise. But if so, it is a pity, because Goldoni's great gift was for rich, precise and loving social detail, in this case that of the tenements crowded round the 'campiello' of the title; and one can readily imagine the fascination and humour an authentically Italian cast might inject into such rituals as the local luckydip, with all those sticky fingers burrowing into sand for money. Indeed, it is more a disaster than a pity, because the play that is left for our foiled Anglo-Irish Scots to embellish is scarcely a play at all. It is, rather, a series of roughly tinted characters and thinly sketched relationships glued together in what's less a plot than the sort of paper tapestry you might nowadays pick up in a souvenir shop near the Rialto.

Admittedly, Mr Rea gets pretty overwrought when his girl pops into a neighbour's house; but there's no reason for his jealousy, and the course of true love does not falter. Neither here nor anywhere else is there the least tension, the slightest suggestion that something irksome and problematic might interrupt the shallow, showy wrangles and gleeful reconciliations that constitute the sum of daily life in dear old Venice. So the cast's main recourse has to be colour and exuberance, commodities we're offered by the sackful. They gallop down the aisles on to the stage in gaudy stripes, checks and tatters, gamely shouting 'buona sera' at the assembled spectators, and scarcely pause for breath after that. This does, certainly, produce some extrovert successes, notably Mr Rea's swaggering Ulster bruiser, Patti Love as his bouncing fiancée, her voice a furious or ecstatic squawk, her feet forever off the ground in jubilation or rage, and Miss Mount's podgy and flirtatious widow-woman, her mouth flung open in a gummy, toothy horse-laugh; but the production as a whole seemed to me to show signs of strain, symptoms of that determination to be jolly which has reduced a million promising parties to waxen imitations of themselves. Perhaps this was because of the nature of last Monday night: dinner jackets, formal faces, and the Queen in the front row, radiantly unsmiling. Perhaps I should have resisted the National's kind invitation to my extra-curricular self, and come with my fellow-critics – though I somehow doubt that their presence will have communicated much joie-de-vivre to the revellers onstage. It needs a spectacularly carefree, and conceivably drunken, audience to transform this flimsy, breezy variation on *The Gondoliers,* minus Sullivan's music, into the festive event it could possibly be.

Denis Cannan recently collaborated with Peter Brook on *The Ik*, which, you may recall, was all about a tribe that had learned to laugh at its starving children; and *Dear Daddy* may be seen as its sequel, there to remind the house-proud English that callousness isn't confined to Ugandan mountain country. Nigel Patrick plays a snooty literatus who has abandoned one unhappy marriage for another, run into debt, and is now doomed to depend on those who feel neglected by him. But their charity is pecuniary only. They gather for a family pow-wow which soon begins to sound like a council of war, with Patrick as the common enemy. His more feckless son denounces him as 'a failure who has never failed at anything worth failing at', and his squarer one flaunts a fiancée whose simple and affectionate nature he grimly contrasts with daddy's skinflint sophistication. His women's-lib daughter promptly joins the fray, as does his embittered and drunken first wife, who has just happened to be passing. By the end it is clear that any anthropologist in search of stunted emotions, palsied relationships and the other apparatus of alienation should cash in his airline ticket and take a train to Surrey instead.

But is this as searing a revelation as Mr Cannan might like us to suppose? Any remotely regular theatregoer will know that the really controversial study of the family would be a defence or apologia, not yet another assault on its hypocrisies. So *Dear Daddy* must be assessed by the quality, rather than the originality, of its prosecution brief; and here my judicial reactions are mixed. I admired Mr Cannan's reluctance to enlist himself on anyone's side, his determination to give all the combatants a hard (though not merciless) time in the witness-box, but I was irritated by his tendency to characterise his cast by obsessive mannerism. I thought that if Mr Patrick once more responded to a chance remark or conversational ploy by offering the speaker a book on sexual inadequacy, poultry-keeping, or whatever the subject might be, I would scream very loudly indeed; but on he went, insistently proving himself more interested in print than people, and I was forced to shove my programme down my throat for the rest of the evening. I can imagine others, especially women, being as exasperated by the ferocious feminism of his daughter, who can't see her own mother in helpless hysterics without letting it be known that a male should fetch the glass of water.

In a subtler play, the reply to the same girl's complaint of 'wanting to carry about a knitting needle and stab babies in their prams' wouldn't be the plonkingly sage, 'can it really be you want one?' But you can't have everything, as Billy Connolly confirms with his first play, a desultory stroll through an urban landscape whose points of interest are frustratingly intermittent. The subject is another family, this time Glaswegian, drunk, garrulous, and dreadfully ineffective: not surprising, since its leading light is Bill Paterson, a shifty, sidling, baggy-suited cadger, who has pickled his face the colour of port-wine and (it seems) marinated his hair in a slimy sloe gin as well. *Bad Leg* isn't much as a whole, but this performance is a treat.

Films

John Coleman

How. Why?

The Return of a Man Called Horse *Odeon, Leicester Square*
Carry On England *general release*
No Deposit, No Return *selected Odeons*
Sebastiane *The Gate*

With equivocal self-regard, I went back to my notice of Elliott Silverstein's *A Man Called Horse*: yes, it was headed 'Sioux Me' and, no, it was much kinder than memory had it. All this was over six years ago and included the observation that 'for once Indians have been cast as Indians, with the bewildering exception of Dame Judith Anderson'. Well, some things change and some things don't. In Irvin Kershner's *The Return of a Man Called Horse,* we find dear, wrinkled-mouthed Gale Sondergaard as the Elk Woman, telling the white hero he must suffer: 'Then you will be reborn.' Anyway, back in business. (There also seem to be an awful lot of Mexicans around, even if they have been dubbed into 'actual Lakota dialogue' and then subtitled.) The whitey – who co-produced – is our own Mr Richard Harris. One man in his time plays many parts, but not Mr Harris, who goes on doing his mini-Brando or suffering saint. His Lord John Morgan of the first part, when he endured extremely unpleasant torture and humiliations at the untender hands of the Sioux and so won through to mythic status in the American 1820s, is discovered uneasily lording it over his British manor, standing up in the local church with a whey-faced lady beside him, abruptly deciding – via an accurate nightmare – to catch the next reel out to 1830 and that branch of the Sioux, the Yellow Hands, who have been put out of business by a bad gang of trappers.

Quite early on, I was about to protest to the management of the cinema in which I sat, witnessing this: many workmen appeared to be active in the passages adjacent to the auditorium. This hullabaloo turned out to be a deliberate offshoot of the product in sight. The decibels sensed as proceeding fairly directly from the screen already seemed inordinate (given, as we were, a Michael-Mouse score – by the generous Laurence Rosenthal – which told our emotions which way to move at every station of the plot): the addition of loudspeakers purveying barks, chatter, screams to the left and right of us could only register as unwise. Lord

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John knows there was enough, in terms of an extended re-run of that test of manhood entailing bone splinters with strings thrust through the pectorals, to keep a sick degree of attention going.

Which is, of course, where a right-minded person ought to start feeling ill. One ceases to give a hoot about the anthropological preciseness, the care taken to reconstruct, the devotion to dreadful rituals, when nobody, but nobody, can possibly be winning. The centre of this film (a very odd one for Mr Kershner, of *Loving* and *Up the Sandbox*, to have perpetrated) is in that sustained 'Sun Vow' ordeal, and attendant procedures, during which my little yellow hands went across my pale face.

Is there or isn't there a comma in *Carry On England*? The answer is germane, since this is the nadir achieved by the brave, silly, bawdy, wealthy team of producer Peter Rogers and director Gerald Thomas: a slung-together event, unrelieved by the punctuation of laughs. An aficionado, of a kind, of *Carry-Ons* (which have tried and tested our domestic affection for bums, farts, tits and euphemisms to the hilt, and this has always included our linguistic tic of lending adverbial particles like 'up', 'down', 'in' and 'out' a subterraneously strong life of their own), I stop here. The as always nugatory story-line concerns a mixed anti-aircraft battery somewhere in England at the start of World War II. To describe what ensues as perfunctory would be flattery. A couple of Fougasse posters on a studio wall, the purple-visaged misuse of Windsor Davies as a screaming Sarnt-Major and a Fortyish hairdo for Judy Geeson do nothing to combat the awful contemporaniety of a mugging Patrick Mower. Of the old crew, only Kenneth Connor (offering a performance that a colleague of mine rightly suggested could be read as Brechtianly heroic) and Joan Sims are in evidence: and it's not their fault it might be for the prosecution. When Connor falls in the s——, he does it twice, on screen: and it is spelt out – 'shit'. What an old maid I'm becoming. But, as the bishop said to the actress, you can't carry on like this.

To reinforce the imperial thumbs-down to the current commercial cinema (i.e., what is genially released from the captivity of London), one should send a little bad, brown breath over *No Deposit, No Return*, an item from the Disney lot which speaks its special eponymous warning. The factory-stale Norman Tokar can do nothing of, or for, interest with a weak script setting up two kids whose mag-editing mother (a *Cosmo*nought?) is never there during the hols and therefore dispatches them to grandpa David Niven, amiably present to connive at their apparent kidnapping by a pair of failed safe-crackers. The idea is abysmally silly and even nasty; the Harold Lloyd antics (high stuff on scaffolding and flagpoles) in pursuit of a pet skunk are so obviously processed that Mr Lloyd, if I ever had doubts, is hereby elevated into my pantheon of greats who at least risked a deal for authenticity; there is the dire Don Knotts as a rubber-faced funnyman. Better, by far, a revival of *A Hundred and One Dalmatians* at the Odeon, St Martin's Lane: quite animated.

Sebastiane, an independently made British production, directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress, is – as its publicity material points out – 'the first feature film to be shot entirely in Latin'. Before you go away, I must cite one of its finer subtitles: 'Oedipus' is translated as 'mother fucker'. At some stage, someone was allowed free rein to his sense of humour. Unfortunately, this joyous lapse comes too late. The emperor Diocletian is celebrating his 20th year on the throne as revels commence. This means the shaven-pated, white-powdered, writhing and tonguing Lindsay Kemp (whom God preserve because others may not) going through motions in a red G-string: their upshot, not to be too silent about it, is a spattering of sperm. 'The script was kept as fluid as possible and altered and improvised to include both the actors' talents and the potential of the location' (hand-out). The abroad location was Sardinia, with London supplying the rest of four weeks on a minimal budget. The result is extremely handsome, cut-price decadence at its prettiest.

It is, however, more geared to attract chaps who like chaps, lying and stretching and fainting in tormented, bronzed coils, than your family audience. Mr Jarman is on record as saying, 'After I stopped working with Ken Russell . . .' and one can only presume this is after, and beyond my Ken. The basic gravitas of the work (one conceives of it as trying to maintain a straight face about Christians and myth and the real roughness of the times) is steadily in question, queried even by its makers. Else how is one to account for a small stream of gags (alert readers of titles, and Latin scholars, may pick up references to Fellini, Stephen Boyd, Claudia Cardinale) trickling into a torment of make-muscle images of fellows, with the odd staking-out in the desert, beating-up in a cell, final death by arrows (see title). The film positively encourages the restive hetero to resist it. Why?

Opera

Eric Sams

Incarnadine

Macbeth *Covent Garden: Further performances 29 October and 2, 6 and 10 November*

What should be the staple produce of Covent Garden; what actually is its main marketable commodity? It must be very precious, at around £10 a time. It's manifestly addictive, too. The lost souls of the ticketless prowl round outside, pitiably thrusting out their pound notes with hands even shakier than the currency. Like drugs, like sex, it must be some essence that appeals to our veins or reins before our brains. Perhaps the longed-for elixir owes its power to its concentration. It is a double distillation of real life, first into drama and spectacle and thence into music; and we can savour each part separately as well as the totality together. Opera, like voyeurism, unites three or more pleasures.

So the opera-composer, like the song-writer, needs external stimulus. The musical mind must first respond to something before it can correspond to anything, or with anyone. If Verdi's first truly great operatic work was his *Requiem*, that would be because libretto (believe it or not) is so profoundly dramatic. He needed at least the creative fire of a Victor Hugo (*Ernani*, *Rigoletto*) or a Shakespeare (*Falstaff*, *Othello*) to kindle a comparable blaze of music. It is not really the fault of the production or the principals if the current revival of *Macbeth* just falls short of final flair. As the admirably thorough programme explains, Shakespeare is sublime. But no one would speak of this opera in quite the same tone or, with few exceptions, in the same breath. First written in 1846-7 and revised nearly 20 years later, it had to wait almost another century for its first Covent Garden production, in 1960. One reason is that not only Piave's text but also Verdi's music suggest *Tales from Shakespeare* translated into Italian. The sister arts are here at best step-sisters; they stand in much the same relation as 'secret, black and midnight hags' does to '*misteriose donne*'. It is the musical component that lacks overtones and resonances.

Of course there is compensatory power and vitality, especially in the grasp of timing and climax, scene and incident. The score is well illustrated by the scenery and costumes of Georges Wakhevitch and the staging of Ande Anderson. The early-Romantic pictorial style of scenery, balance and grouping well matches and even enhances the music, with its contemporary emphasis on colour and line. The most primary of colours is tranfused on to the stage from the text. One running theme in *Macbeth* is blood; '*sangue*' keeps spouting from the vocal line; Lady Macbeth is followed everywhere, even in her sleep, by a trail of scarlet.

Again, the adjacent thrones, almost labelled his and hers, were not unsubtle in her soliloquy, Lady Macbeth instinctively assumed the kingly seat and hence by inference the masculine role. Her flailing gestures were compellingly witch-like, all claw and nail, as if she were hell's undercover agent (much as Verdi imagined her sent to infiltrate the ruling circles of Scotland. Presumably it was to maintain her primacy that the witches were demoted to mere gypsies, both in musical style (with campfire glimmers from other operas) and in scenic presentation.

On any assessment hell needed to be projected hot from the pit, where Edward Downes was replacing Yuri Ahronovitch

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perhaps at rather short notice. The score, though generally well conducted, only sporadically sounded good enough to provide a convincing embodiment of evil. Or of goodness, for that matter. The absurdly naïve strains that tell us what a dear old monarch Duncan is (or rather was, after a brief social call) render his taking-off readily defensible on the grounds of justifiable regicide.

A good deal of the score, however, is masterly in its musico-dramatic imagination. Thus in the banquet scene Verdi offers an easy outpouring of flowing melody, as in all his drinking songs; this is then contrasted with the thickly coagulated chords of blood-boltered Banquo, announcing that the banquet is also about to come to a sticky end. Most hypnotic of all is the sleep-walking scene. On stage there are tranced gestures of wading and swimming in blood; the orchestra obsessively repeats that Verdian image (heard also in *Rigoletto*) of dark thoughts of death and murder sidling sidelong into the receptive and unresisting subconscious mind. Grace Bumbry was rather less compelling in dramatic than in vocal range and power. But the latter were strikingly effective, and often far more relevant to Verdi's purposes than any glance or gesture. In this scene, her performance was raised by the power of music to impressive heights.

Sherrill Milnes had evidently given much thought to his interpretation of Macbeth; but perhaps his portrayal was in a sense too like the character – over-ambitious. He rightly aimed to show a man enthralled, body and soul, by the demonic possession of his hellish spouse. But in consequence he hardly seemed to stand up for himself until after her final downfall; as if his virility had been much improved by his bereavement. The extreme compression of the action allowed him insufficient time for such detailed study of the springs of motivation. He always presented a fine soldierly figure, handsome of voice and bearing; but his earlier, more reflective, impersonation was more Hamlet than Macbeth.

The rest of the cast was far from pale. Robert Lloyd was admirably convincing as Banquo; so, apart from an untimely entrance, was Franco Tagliavini as Macduff, while the strong voice and stage presence of David Hillman as Malcolm ensured him a successful Garden debut. But of course the opera stands or falls by its score and its principals. All three had moments (though they did not always coincide) of real star quality that will well repay an evening's observation. But be warned: you will find the addicts already there, wildly clapping and cheering long before each number ends. This desolating malpractice is fostered by the custom of taking curtain calls between acts, which seems to me aesthetically quite uncalled for. The spectacle of a company joining hands and running gleefully to the footlights is surely more for the end of the pier than the middle of the opera. So anti-dramatic a proceeding goes to the wrong extreme, by suspending belief – rather suddenly, as if from a noose. One might even prefer a reversion to what Sheridan called 'the established mode of springing off with a glance at the pit'.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

On Display

Summertide and **Rashomon** *Sadler's Wells*
Anastasia and **Ashton Programme** *Covent Garden*
Nureyev: Aspects of the Dancer by JOHN PERCIVAL *Faber* £5.95
The Nureyev Image by ALEXANDER BLAND *Studio Vista* £8.95

The Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet settled down well during its debutant season, with Margaret Barbieri confirming her position as the company's *de facto* ballerina and with Carl Myers and David Ashmole, who were rather lost at Covent Garden, blossoming forth in new roles. The final performances of Ashton's *The Two Pigeons* were particularly fine; both casts which I saw succeeded in conveying its charm and humour. Barbieri and Myers were even better than I expected; Christine Aitken and Murray Kilgour, both newcomers, were equally good. The *corps* had the vitality and enthusiasm for which the touring company has always been noted, and which was lacking on opening night.

Blemishes on the season have included an under-cast revival of Hans van Manen's *Grosse Fuge*, in which Stephen Jefferies and the late Paul Clarke were sadly missed, and an unnecessary revival of Jack Carter's embarrassing *Lulu*. The two new ballets were half-successes. Peter Wright's *Summertide*, to Mendelssohn's 2nd piano concerto, is one of those mildly agreeable but eminently forgettable abstracts. The first movement is tiresomely 'busy', and I find Elisabeth Dalton's green tent with red poppies painted on it oppressive. Vague floral patterns on the men's tights set me wondering briefly if the dancers were meant to be plants; an unkind but apt comment from a friend was that all *Summertide* showed was that poppies do send you to sleep. Still, David Ashmole danced expertly and Brian Bertscher did some flashy rapid steps in the last section.

Lynn Seymour's *Rashomon*, her first work for the company, is much more theatrical and gripping, but contains hardly any dancing. It's a mimed version of that Japanese film in which the story of a forest encounter between a married couple and a bandit is told three times, from the points of view of each of the protagonists. Seymour doesn't succeed in making clear which version is which, with wearying results. The work displays Robert North, who makes a guest appearance as the muscular, near-nude bandit. He is very convincing in the fights and in the sexual encounters with June Highwood. Pamela Marre has provided a very striking set – vertical columns which move to suggest various parts of the forest, and there is unusually effective lighting by David Hersey. Bob Downes's percussive music is evocatively oriental, like the costumes and some of the movements. But it's a pity that Seymour seems more interested in creating shock effects than dance steps.

At Covent Garden, however, she has just been reminding us, in two Russian roles, how brilliantly her own dancing can express drama. Not even she can work up any great audience enthusiasm for *Anastasia*, a strange choice for the opening of the season, though her acting as the *soi-disant* Tsarevna is as powerful as ever. Her Natalia Petrovna in Ashton's *A Month in the Country* is if anything even more touching than before; repeated viewing confirms that this ballet is a masterpiece. An all-Ashton bill also included a slightly substandard *Monotones* and one of the best-ever performances of *The Dream*. Merle Park's strong-willed Titania seemed to stimulate Anthony Dowell to act Oberon more forcefully and more humorously than before. Wayne Sleep found yet new comic touches as Puck. Ashton had supervised the revival, and I think made a few minor improvements. The Brompton Oratory Junior Choir gave the most compelling version of the choruses that I've yet heard at the Garden.

Nureyev doesn't return from the film studios till his Christmas *Nutcracker*, but meanwhile there are two excellent new books about him. Both give fair accounts of his life and informed estimates of his personality, and both are written by enthusiasts. Percival goes into more detail about roles and productions, gives an eye-witness account of Nureyev at work, and speculates about the future, expressing the hope (which I share) that he will one day direct the Royal Ballet. Bland's is mainly a picture-book; the photos are large and glorious, with several unfamiliar ones, including fascinating glimpses of Nureyev around the time he left Russia. The text is naturally less detailed, but the author is a personal friend of Nureyev's and pinpoints his principal characteristics with sympathetic accuracy.

Weekend Competition

No 2436 **Set by Robin Chase**

Following James Fenton's cheerful twitting of Clive James (NS, 15 October) about his Antipodean rhymes – 'pattern' and 'satin', 'Thetis' and 'defeat us' – competitors are asked to compose six heroic couplets in which every line rests on some phonetic misapprehension, regional or otherwise (you may include eye-rhymes if you wish). It would be appropriate, too, I think, if you took as your subject matter either the literary world, or that of the media in general, or of course the political stage. By 12 November.

Result of No 2433 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Competitors were asked to provide earlier, unrevised versions of famous passages of verse or prose.

Report **by Little Keith**

I'm sure there were far more openings for irony here than this week's entry turned out to provide: our competitors (sleepy courtiers in the halls of bathos) offered either way-

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wardly self-enclosed alternatives to established passages or crudely underwritten versions of same (Basil Ransome was a radiant but lonely gem in this somewhat tedious genre). Still, some good stuff from the winners: each of them will presently receive £7. Oh, and will someone claim the Anon, whose name got left off, either here or at source?

My head aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;
O empty that dull opiate to the drains,
  Another high like this and I'll be sunk:
It's not as if I envied all that lot,
  That hungry generation, their success;
    I'm happy with it – but their
                dreadful verse!
      It's all a bloody plot
Of publishers and critics numberless
  Fixing the summer list, for fatten'd purse.

The casement's open and I just can't think
  Thanks to the screaming of some frantic bird
Whose viewless wings . . . Poor Tom's a-cold
                . . . a drink . . .
(Charles, don't throw this scrap of paper away.
                I think
I'll be able to make something of it in the
                morning. OK? JK)

JEDEDIAH BARROW

There once was an elderly seaman,
Who accosted some men in the street.
The first man replied, 'Hello, Sailor!
What a rotten time to meet.'.

'The doors of the church now are open
And I'm a good friend of the Bride.
I must hurry along, please excuse me,
It's time I was sitting inside.'

But the sailor would pay no attention,
And grabbed at the front of his coat,
'Let me tell you about my cruise,' he said,
'When I went off to sea on this boat.'

JOHN STANLEY

Let us go then, you and I,
While late-night passion spreads across the sky
Like a patient electrocuted upon a table.
Let us go, along the nearest half-deserted street
And beat a quick retreat
For a restless night in some quiet, cheap hotel,
A discreet restaurant with low red lights,
Waiters that follow like a tedious argument
My insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .
Oh, do not ask, 'What's your game?'
Let us go and make our visit.

ANON

Let me advise you about the upper income bracket. They are different than you or I. They experience material gratification in the pre-adult years, which gives rise to normative differences that, if one comes from a disadvantaged background, you can't understand it. They subscribe to the view, at a subconscious level, that they are superior to us who have been obliged, willy-nilly, to forge our own safety-nets and residual satisfactions. When they even undergo downward social mobility, they cling to the straw of their own innate sense of superiority over us. To put it another way, they are different, in a word.

BASIL RANSOME

Tony Miles

Chess

No 5 **Interzonal Qualifiers**

With both the interzonal tournaments now finished, the final line-up for the Candidates' matches to produce the next challenger for Karpov's world title, is almost complete. The first, held in Manila, was won by the young Brazilian, Mecking, with 13/19 and the other two qualifiers were Hort (Czechoslovakia) and Pdugayevsky (USSR) with 12½. Fourth place was taken by the little known Russian GM, Vitaly Tseshkovsky, who appears to be making a dramatic rise through the Soviet ranks.

The disappointment of the tournament was the failure of Boris Spassky. The ex-world champion inflicted the only defeat on Mecking but otherwise showed little of his old form and never really threatened to qualify.

In the second interzonal, at Biel, the Dane, Bent Larsen, pulled off an unexpected victory considering his recent form. Two ex-world champions, Petrosian and Tal (both USSR) and the Hungarian Lajos Portisch tied for the remaining two places and must play off later this year to decide which of them goes through.

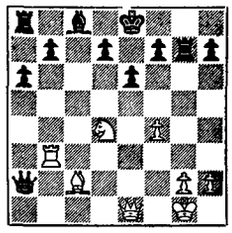
The six qualifiers from these tournaments will be joined by V. Korchnoi (ex-USSR) and a certain R. J. Fischer (USA) (retired?) for the series of knock-out matches to decide the eventual challenger. More about that next week.

This week's game is one of the most entertaining from the interzonals.

White: V. Tseshkovsky (USSR)
Black: W. Browne (USA)

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. N-KB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. N x P, N-KB3; 5. N-QB3, P-QR3. 6. B-K3, P-K3; 7. B-K2, QN-Q2; 8. P-KN4, P-R3; 9. P-B4, P-QN4; 10. P-N5, P x P; 11. P x P, R-R6. So far the game has followed the widely published Byrne-Browne encounter from the 1975 US championship which Browne won, but Tseshkovsky had been doing some homework. **12. B-B2!, R x N; 13. P x N!, R-KR6; 14. N x KP!** Now if 14 . . . P x N? 15. B-R5 ch mates or if 14 . . . Q x P; 15. N-B7 ch so black's reply is forced. **14 . . . Q-R4 ch; 15. P-B3, P x N; 16. P x P, B x P; 17. Q x P.** Black has won a piece but his king is badly exposed. If now 17 . . . B x P ch; 18. K-B1 is simplest. **17 . . . R-R3; 18. R-KN1, B-B1.** Again if . . . B x P ch; 19. K-B1, e.g. 19 . . . Q-N5; 20. Q-B6, Q x NP; 21. R-Q1, R-N1; 22. R-N8 ch winning. **19. R-N8, Q-Q1; 20. 0-0-0, Q-K2; 21. Q-B6, R-N1; 22. B-R7!** The threats to black's Q side pieces force his king into the open. **22 . . . K-B2; 23. R-N2, R-N2; 24. Q x B, R x B; 25. R-B1 ch, N-B3.** or 25 . . . R-B3; 26. B-R5 mate. **26. P-K5, Q-Q2; 27. R x N ch!, R x R; 28. B-R5 ch, R-N3; 29. B x R ch, K-K2; 30. Q-B5 ch,** Resigns.

Problem 5:
Last in the October series and a little harder than the others. Black, to play, is ahead on material, but is underdeveloped and his queen is in some danger. How should he continue? Also mention other plausible options and why you rejected them.

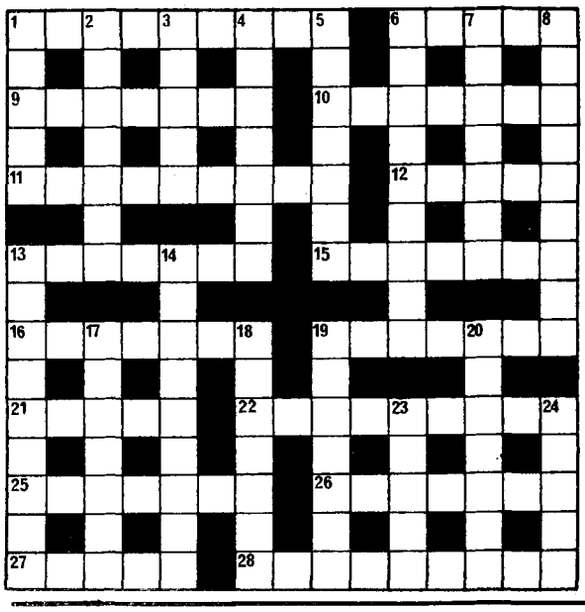


Solution to Problem 3
1. K-B5, K-R2; 2. K-K4, K-N3; 3. K-Q3!, K x P; 4. K-K4!!, K-N3; 5. K-B4, K-B3; 6. P-R5 wins. If **3 . . . K-B4; 4. K-B4, K x P; 5. K-N5, K-N3; 6. K x P** Or **3 . . . K-R4; 4. K-B4, K x P; 5. K-N5, K-N4; 6. K-B6!** winning.

The symbol of the black knight above has been reprinted by kind permission of J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. from their handsomely illustrated book A Picture Guide To Chess *by Paul Langfield.*

Weekend Crossword 1188

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1188, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 9 Nov.



ACROSS

1. Member of a fraternity to liberate relatives? (9).
6. Units of power for one who created 'Physical Energy' (5).
9. An expression of disapproval during an exam in the kitchen (7).
10. Walker did it and the racket would survive Heath's departure (7).
11. Satan holds a revolutionary to be a rash person (9).
12. Suit as suitor's key part (5).
13. Wipes out parasites (7).
15. Model wife found in someone who can do reliable work (7).
16. Setbacks for the following in a kind of puzzle (7).
19. Street urchin smashes up a lad in the darkness (7).
21. Rubbish can be detected in extra short time (5).
22. Worked out revised date and times (9).
25. Rhyming routine (7).
26. Sex and dope are material to be given publicity (7).
27. One miner in seven has a wash (5).
28. Needs rice for use in the home (9).

DOWN

1. Met in the heart of a cedar forest (5).
2. Ban makes nothing hold me up (7).
3. Made low point in state of emotions (5).
4. They are record holders, but less is broadcast about the woman who came first (7).
5. Annoyed when the clear price was given first? (7).
6. Married, about to make a meal of a woman when exposed (9).
7. Some vessels have one as pilot is changed (7).
8. Cakes with dirt possibly to cause a diversion (9).
13. Hospital amenity provided for a brick (9).
14. Foresight is needed even for the present (4, 5).
17. High-class person has the Queen in mind (7).
18. 'Am in control', says the vessel (7).
19. Those who get entangled in affairs? (7).
20. Worker makes enthusiast lose his head (7).
23. The vehicle was in low spirits (5).
24. City to avoid? (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1186

C	A	P	T	U	R	E		D	R	A	W	I	N	G
A		I		P		P		I		L		R		R
L	E	E	D	S		H	E	R	M	I	T	A	G	E
I		C		T		O		T		M		T		A
P	R	E	P	A	I	D		C	L	E	M	E	N	T
H		M		R				H		N				L
S	P	E	C	T	A	C	L	E		T	E	S	T	Y
		A				O		A				T		
T	O	L	E	T		R	E	P	R	O	B	A	T	E
O			H		M				V		L		R	
P	I	M	L	I	C	O		A	M	A	T	E	U	R
K	E		S		R		V		T		M		A	
N	I	G	H	T	M	A	R	E		I	N	A	P	T
O		A		L		N		R	O		T		U	
T	A	N	G	E	N	T		S	U	N	B	E	A	M

Prizewinners to No 1186

Bertie Chapman (London NW9)
G. Smith (Warley)
Eve Phillips (New Zealand)

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APPOINTMENTS

THE FAMILY WELFARE ASSOCIATION OF MANCHESTER

A senior social worker is required by the Family Welfare Association for a post with special responsibility for staff supervision and the opportunity to carry a small caseload. Salary SO1.

Further particulars and application forms from: **General Secretary, Family Welfare Association, Gaddum Centre, 274 Deansgate, Manchester M3 4HF.** Closing date 18 November.

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YOUTH AND COMMUNITY WORKER

AN ANGLICAN PRIEST

is required to develop Youth and Community work on behalf of the Churches in Telford New Town, Salop, from 1 September 1977. Salary: Lichfield Diocesan minimum stipend (£2,400 at present). Accommodation and expenses provided. For job specification and further details, please apply to the Revd. Preb, B. A. Hardy, Parkfield, Park Avenue, Madeley, Telford, Salop, TF7 5AB. Telford 585731 by Monday, 15 November.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HARINGEY

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSING SERVICE POLICY AND SPECIAL PROJECTS

HOUSING CO-OPERATIVE'S RESEARCH OFFICER

Salary £3,963 - £4,299 inclusive on a three year contract.

The Comprehensive Housing Service of the London Borough of Haringey is committed to the development of Housing Co-operatives within the Borough and three housing sites (one nearing completion) have been set aside for Council Co-operatives.

The Department of the Environment have provided a grant to the London Borough of Haringey to employ a researcher over a three year period for the monitoring and evaluation of the Council's Housing Co-operative Schemes. It is not envisaged that employment will continue after the three year period.

The researcher would be required to review objectively and criticise the Council's approach and comment on the difficulties, problems and successes of the scheme from the authorities viewpoint in report form which will be published by the D.O.E. and circulated to other Local Authorities.

The person appointed will work in the Division of the Council's Housing Service responsible for Co-operatives.

The post provides an exciting opportunity for a person with a research background committed to the 'co-operative' concept.

Application forms from the Chief Administrative Assistant, Comprehensive Housing Service, 13-27 Station Road, Wood Green, London N22 6UW. Returnable by **11 November, 1976.**

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

has a vacancy for a

SECRETARY

to work in the Eastern Europe Research department. Applicants should have reading knowledge of Serbo-Croat and other East European languages. Good typing essential, shorthand preferable.

Salary £3,024 p.a.

For further details contact 53 Theobald's Road, London WC1 or phone 01-404 5831 Ext. 29

BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

DOCUMENTARY FILM ACQUISITIONS OFFICER

required by the National Film Archive to be responsible for the selection and acquisition of non-fiction films for preservation. The successful candidate will probably have administrative experience, a University Degree in History or Science, a knowledge of film history, a lively interest in current affairs, a wide general knowledge of the Arts and Sciences and an awareness of the value of film and television as records of contemporary life.

Salary £4,677 per annum. Application forms for return by 5 November, and further details from: **Personnel Department, 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA. Tel: 01-437 4355.**

PADDINGTON CHURCHES HOUSING ASSOCIATION

a registered Housing Association, working in areas of social stress in North West London have a vacancy for a

HOUSING ASSISTANT

to join an existing area management team.

Tact, firmness and some experience in Housing Management are essential.

Some knowledge of welfare rights would be an advantage as would a current driving licence.

Salary: AP2/3 £3,276 - £4,029 *inclusive of London Weighting and* Cost-of-Living Supplement.

Contact: Barbara Charlesworth, Paddington Churches Housing Association, 296 Willesden Lane, NW2. Tel: 01-459 8622.

ASTMS

requires a

DIVISIONAL OFFICER

to operate from our Glasgow Office.

Salary commences at £5,591 rising to £6,041 p.a. after three years (plus £104 tax free allowance).

Only applicants with specialist collective bargaining experience need apply.

Further details of position and application form may be obtained from: **Clive Jenkins, General Secretary, ASTMS, 10/26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

The only solution?

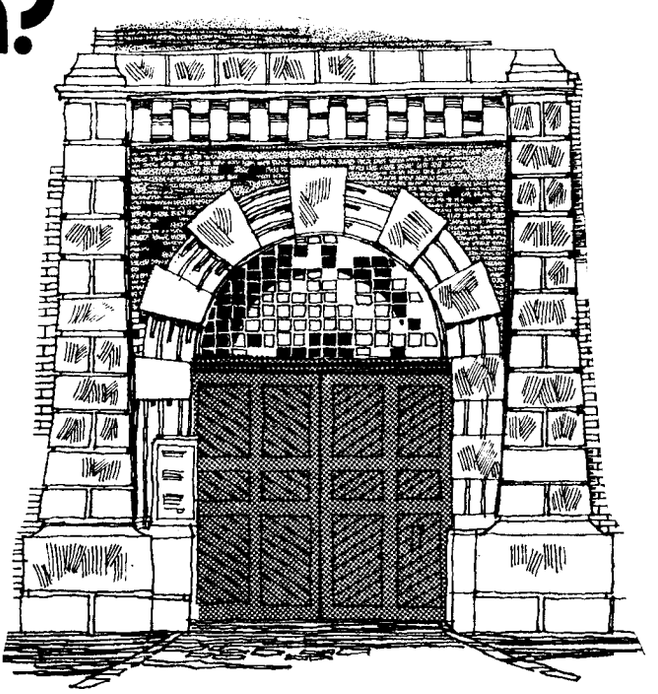
Graduates! As a probation officer you could help to work out alternatives.

Is prison the best, or only, remedy society can offer for criminal behaviour? What other workable alternatives are there? For graduates making their careers in the Probation and After-Care Service these questions are no longer theoretical or academic. They are the questions of everyday working life; questions which call for human solutions – and the insight, techniques, tenacity to make them work.

How do you start? Normally through sponsorship as a trainee probation officer on a course of professional training recognised by the Central Council for Education and Training in Social Work which leads to the Council's Certificate of Qualification in Social Work. Courses for men and women graduates last between one and two years depending on your degree subject.

Salary and prospects Graduate trainees are paid at present a salary of at least £2127 which rises after training to £2853 and then, on promotion, to £4842 and above. Highest grades earn up to £9609. A supplement of £312 is payable on all salaries up to £8188. Probation officers in the London area receive additional remuneration.

'The Probation and After-Care Service in a Changing Society' To obtain a copy of our new booklet get in touch with your *local* Chief Probation Officer (you'll find the address and telephone number in the telephone book), or send your name and address on a postcard to the Home Office, Probation and After-Care Department (G W/1), Room 446, Romney House, Marsham Street, London, SW1P 3DY.



Probation and after-care service

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UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE

RITCHIE CHAIR OF RESEARCH IN ECONOMICS

Applications are invited from persons of international distinction in economic research for appointment to the Ritchie Chair of Research in Economics in the Faculty of Economics and Commerce.

The successful applicant would be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged.

SALARY: $A29,048 per annum.

Further information about the position, including details of application procedure, superannuation, travel and removal expenses, housing assistance and conditions of appointment, is available from the Registrar, or from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

All correspondence (marked 'Confidential') should be addressed to the Registrar, The University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052, Australia.

Applications close on 17 January 1977.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires

DEPUTY SECRETARY GENERAL

for its International Secretariat based in London.

The successful candidate will be responsible to the Secretary General and the International Executive Committee for maintaining the highest standards of accuracy, impartiality and judgment in Amnesty's action for the protection of specific human rights. The post requires an experience of international affairs and organisations and a broad knowledge of political, economic and legal situations in different parts of the world, together with a good record of administrative and organisational ability.

Fluency in at least one language other than English and willingness to travel essential. Salary approximately £5,400 p.a.

Letters of application enclosing comprehensive curriculum vitae should be forwarded before 15 November 1976, to Secretary General, Amnesty International, 53 Theobald's Rd, London WC1X 8SP, England.

NATIONAL DEAF CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

WELFARE SECRETARY

Person qualified/experienced in social work and administration. Knowledge of voluntary organisations/volunteers helpful. No active case work.

Curriculum vitae to The Director, NDCS, 31 Gloucester Place, London W1H 4EA.

YOUTH AND COMMUNITY OFFICER

required for detached youth project (Grapevine) in Camden and Islington Office in Holloway Road, N7. To co-ordinate measures by which young volunteers can make a contribution to the community, and to co-operate with other social services in the area and to develop the work already being undertaken. To have responsibility for the running of the project.

Salary according to age and experience.

Apply: Administration Manager, FPA, 27-35 Mortimer St, London W1A 4QW.

BUSINESS CAREERS: Discuss matters with a trained Interviewer. Call and discover the surprisingly wide range of career opportunities in Central London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, WC2. 836 6644.

AU-PAIRS, domestics, hotel staff. Spain and EEC. S.a.e. Alpha Ltd, Armadale, Howwood, Renfrewshire.

FABIAN SOCIETY requires shorthand typist. Interesting and varied work, small friendly office. Salary according to age and experience approx. £53 p.w. Apply Administrative Officer, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1.

LONDON NW3: The Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, London NW3. Required for January 1977, an experienced, graduate teacher (Science), Burnham scale, superannuation. Please apply, in writing, to Dr Paul at above address.

KINDLY SENIOR HOUSEPARENTS required in small working community for 13 mentally handicapped adults. Experience an advantage. Accommodation and full board. Salary negotiable. Application forms from the Secretary, Acorn Village Trust, Mistley Hall, Manningtree, Essex CO11 2NJ. Telephone Manningtree (020639) 4124.

PETER BEDFORD TRUST is looking for someone to be its Local Organiser in London Borough of Islington. The post involves development of practical facilities in employment, training and housing for people suffering various disabilities. The current Islington Organiser is moving to another post in the Trust and a Local Organiser for Hackney Borough has recently been appointed. The post offers considerable variety in work and should be of interest to those concerned with alternatives to institutional care and containment. For details and job application form or informal discussion, please ring 226 0302 and speak to Richard Grover or Neil Collins.

INTERESTING JOB for an interested person. A Jewish hostel in East London accommodating ten women aged 16 to 35 years, requires Deputy Housemother (Sorry, no children) with experience and some training in coping with emotional disturbance plus an interest in developing a constructive setting where people with varying problems can find support and positive help. Separate staff flat – post vacant mid-December. Further details from Mrs Byrne. 790 7405.

HISTORY GRADUATE living London, to do small part-time research project. 606 9371.

LONDON NW3: The Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, London NW3. Required for January 1977 an experienced, preferably Froebel-trained teacher for 7-9 year olds, Burnham scale, superannuation. Please apply, in writing, to Dr Paul at above address.

GINGERBREAD seeks Groups Coordinator to be team-member sharing responsibility for local self-help groups of one parent families throughout UK. Evening/weekend work, travelling involved and typing essential. Salary £2,461-£3,121 + London Weighting £381. Details and application form (returnable by 12 November) from Gingerbread, 9 Poland St, London W1V 3DG. 01-732 9014.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau, offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

COLLEGE LEAVER Secretaries preferring Social Services, Charities and The Arts in general will prefer to find their first post through the College Leaver Specialist at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

Restaurant

T. A. LAYTON WINE BAR. 12 Esterbrooke Street (off Vincent Square), SW1. 828 5211.

Personal

JIM AND DENIS will not be sending Christmas cards this year, but wish their family, friends and creditors the very best the season can bring and the pound can buy. Why not use this column to send your Christmas greetings this year?

LAURA BERRYMAN. A happy birthday. From Zara and all your friends.

SMALL PRETTY BEDSITTER in Clapham South house. S/c. Rent £10 p.w. inclusive plus baby-sitting help by arrangement. Ideal post.-grad. student or other settled person. Box 5633.

PIED-A-TERRE facility (Hampstead) offered by businessman to similar. 01-542 5963.

YOU CAN AFFORD A WINTER BREAK in mediaeval Rye. Luxury accommodation at modest prices. C.h., log fire, colour TV, tea/coffee making facilities in bedrooms. No restaurant or bar but wide choice of nearby pubs and restaurants. Basket supper served in bedrooms if required. Guests welcome to consume own drinks. B & B: Single £3.73, Double £6.89 or £8.10 with private bathroom per day totally inclusive for a stay of three nights or more. The Mariners Hotel, High Street, Rye, Sussex. Tel: Rye (07973) 3480. A.A., R.A.C. & Michelin.

JOURNALIST wld like to start/join wide ranging discussion group. S.a.e. Box 5675.

SHIRLEY, have you made up your mind yet? My offer is still open and I await your call. Love David. Why not use this column to send your own personal message?

WRITERS WRITING WEEKEND. Berkshire 13/14 Nov. A different training for writers (and beginners). Sympathetic small group. Party. Make friends. J. Wesolowski, 30A Arundel Square, London N7. (607 4172).

A-1 RELIABLE & ECONOMICAL FLIGHTS world-wide. New Era Travel, 42 Glasshouse St, W1. Tel: 01-437 7243/3636/1950.

COMPANIONABLE WOMAN ARTIST, 56, offers £4,000 for reasonable spare in shared house, studio, garret. Box 5620.

THREE MALES (2 under 7) in search of mothering. Offer rm, money, privacy & constant aggravation. Hampstead. 01-580 2344.

DO YOU PREFER INDIVIDUALITY to Anonymity? Come and enjoy yourself in the Progressive League with others like you! Discussions on controversial topics; weekend conferences; social activities. For details send s.a.e. to the Secretary (N10). Progressive League, Albion Cottage, Fortis Green, London N2.

AUTHORS MSS printed in books. Send with postage for quote. Associated Presses, 31 Sheepen Road, Colchester.

HERETIC CARDS (anti-Xmas). S.a.e. details or £1 range. BS, 6 Stanstead Grove, SE6.

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

SLEEP – GLORIOUS SLEEP with Kila Ear Plugs 75p pkt incl. p & p. Svedmed, 15 Church St. Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 8DE.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

BODYMIND METHODS (Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support)) can be integrated. To find out how, inquire Reciport, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3.

PSYCHOTHERAPY? Come to AGIP for individual or group sessions. Write to the Secretary, 29 St Mark's Crescent, NW1.

THE REALLY NEW THERAPY: individual: confidential: Islington: You are meant to get what you want from life. Box 5569.

UNMARRIED MOTHER with three year-old child, Leeds based, wishes to meet same for friendship. Box 5636.

FESTIVAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN. Occasionally have spare (not free!) ticket. Should welcome friendly companion (m.). I am 50, f. Box 5594.

UNIVERSITY PROF., 50, tall, slim, now dividing time between Bristol, Birmingham & London, would like to meet lively, artistic woman, under 42, for pleasant evenings & stimulating conversation. Box 5679.

SOPHISTICATED & attractive f., young 50s, seeks prof. businessman, similar type, sense of humour essential, friendship initially. Box 5683.

PROF. GENTLEMAN, 50, at present abroad, interests tennis, gardening, countryside; home-lover; wishes correspond lady, with view to meeting soon. Box 5565.

ARTISTIC LADY, 50s, French, living abroad (USA), seeks same any age. Object: friendship. In England Spring 1977. Box 5514.

ACQUAINTANCE furthering to deeper relationship with sincere gentleman, 48+, desired by attractive, unattached lady, youthful 52. Box 5574.

AMATEUR MUSICIAN male, piano, viola, with half house outskirts London, wonders is there female musician or enthusiastic music lover age group 35/45 approx. in similar plight, to combine resources. Purely practical arrangement considered but advertiser capable of and would welcome real emotional commitment. Box 5598.

MAN, 48, LONDON, plagued by wistful longing for women, not dogmatically anti-conventional, but at odds with bureaucratic organisation society and social pleasure seekers afraid of their real feelings, seeks woman who appreciates his point of view and possibly shares some of it. Box 5590.

LADY, 50 years, widow, looks for agreeable male company. Interested in literature, the arts and travel. Box 5593.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, late 50s, flat central London, seeks companionship gentleman, 60s, must be very good standing, financially secure, own car. Box 5600.

POST-GRADUATE STUDENT, mid-20s, (Arab), would like to meet a female for social activities. (Midlands). Box 5497.

ARE YOU STILL GOOD-LOOKING, female and feminine, sensuous and slim, unattached and uncommitted, into the young forties or fifties, the arts and music, and food and loving—and still looking? I don't believe you, but I only want one and so do you. I'm still conceited enough to think that I have a lot to give and anyway, it might be fun just pretending that we both exist. But please, please, no fatties, frumpies or foursquares. Box 5631.

VERY ATTRACTIVE ENGLISH LADY, 30, well-educated, warm, lively company, seeks successful, stimulating man-friend, 5ft. 9in. +, up to 35. Full details please. Box 5496.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, (W. Surrey), offers friendship prof. man, maybe writer, 50/60, with London flat. Companion, concerts, theatre, travel. Box 5621.

COSMOPOLITAN INDIAN, 54, Studious, but enjoys life, sks wife/companion. Box 5635.

ATTRACTIVE, affectionate girl (36), who enjoys dancing and having fun, as well as more serious pursuits, needs well educated, articulate, sincere male. Box 5637.

LIVELY, BRIGHT, intelligent, healthy m. 50s, not dull or boring. Separated, unconventional, amorous, seeking compatible f. Surrey; friendship, fun, weekends etc. Cautious, courteous first meeting. Box 5699.

IS THERE AN EDUCATED, cultured, older gentleman seeking the friendship of an intelligent lady, late 40s? Box 5709.

STUDENT, 24. Bristol, faintly freaky, sks intell., affectionate girl-friend. Box 5698.

TECHNICAL AUTHOR, 44, separated, deep voice/music/poetry interests and ambitions, seeks attractive woman, similarly dedicated, for friendship/marriage. Box 5700.

RETIRED GENTLEMAN (Banking) seeks female companion. Interests: Meals, holidays, concerts. Meet London. Box 5712.

EXECUTIVE MALE, mid-30s, slim, 5' 6", ints include dining out, theatre, sks attractive lady for friendship. Telephone nos. appreciated, all letters answered. Box 5708.

I AM 39, divorcée, no children, 20 yrs' satisfying but demanding freelance career w. regular travel UK and Continent, own home nr London, materially independent; musical, peace-loving, initially shy, I am told attractive, yearning to give and share again. If you are early 40s, single/divorced, with or without young family, gentle spirit, no stranger to joy and sadness and believe sharing your life might bring fulfilment, can you too be uncharacteristically bold enough to take a step into the unknown? Please, if you are married or separated, read again: this is not for you. Box 5688.

ATTRACTIVE sportsman/writer, early 40s, sks broad-minded woman with a flair for creative work. Genuine replies to Box 5710.

MEET PEOPLE, make friends at parties for dances, theatres, outings etc. S.a.e. to Companions, 10N-119 Oxford Street, W1R 1PA.

MARRIAGE & ADVICE BUREAU, Katharine Allen (ex-Welfare Officer Ministry of Labour, War Office, Foreign Office). Personal introductions. 7 Sedley Pl., W1. 499 2556.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP/MARRIAGE introductions. Nationwide. C.F.F., Edenthorpe, Doncaster. (S.a.e.)

PENFRIENDS IN AMERICA. Send age, interests. Free reply. Currents, Box 759-N, Radiocity Station, NYC 10019, USA.

FRIENDSHIP MARRIAGE CENTRE caters for educated people, all ages, nationwide. Est. 10 yrs. Confidential details to: M/C, 74m Amhurst Park, London N16.

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FIND FRIENDSHIP, LOVE or marriage. All ages, areas – free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept NT, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people: there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Talfy c/o Mailroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

'EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY sometime'. Status gives you a better chance to meet your kind of people. Contact London's premier Marriage/Friendship Service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St. W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs)

DUREX. Latest Continental, Japanese and American brands at discount prices. Send for details of free dozen offer. Premier, 11/46 Black Lion St, Brighton BN1 1PJ.

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10	DUTCH FUN	£1.80
12	U.S.A. Stimula	£1.75
	INTERNATIONAL Selection	£2.50

Warwick Supplies (NES), Commerce House, Water Orton, Birmingham, B46 1RR Return AD when ordering for FREE Samples worth 50p!!
MARITAL AIDS CATALOGUE 20p

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Replies to Box Numbers should be addressed as follows:

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New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ

Replies are forwarded by first class post to the advertiser, unopened, on the same day as they are received at the New Statesman office.

On no account will the identity of any Box Number advertiser be revealed by the New Statesman to a respondent.

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Christmas Gifts

'THE BLIND GIRL' is one of 12 colour reproductions in the 1977 Pre-Raphaelite Calendar, published by Birmingham Museums and Art Gallery and the Arts Council. 17" x 8", with envelope. £2.60 inc. VAT and postage. Publications Unit, BMAG, Congreve Street, Birmingham B3 3DH.

CHRISTMAS TREATS from The Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children. Send s.a.e. for details of stereo Carol Records, Christmas Cards and Trees for your friends to: 6 Sydney Street, London SW3 6PP.

GREETING CARDS: Beautifully designed cards with revolutionary poetry by South African artist and poets. Greetings in 11 languages, 5 cards for 25p plus 8½p per set postage. 2 different sets available. Altogether 9 designs. Bulk orders special discount for 10 or more sets. African National Congress (South Africa). 49 Rathbone Street, London W1A 4NL.

8 ANTI-POLLUTION STICKERS

for you, your friends, your foes, your cars, your boats, your parties, for tobacco millionaires, for all and every air polluter, for the odd coughin (sorry) here and there, and always of course for fun.

Sorry, this is a NO SMOKING house/car
SMOKING KILLS even nice people
NO CANCERETTES we're anti suicide
NO CANCERETTES PLEASE lets breathe clean air
NO SMOKING PLEASE this is a clean air zone
NO SMOKING PLEASE we're British
DON'T SMOKE US OUT we surrender
THANKS FOR NOT SMOKING in this house/car

Each one 3.5/8" × 10". Send one instead of a Christmas card to a friend and save his/her life, or to a foe and watch him/her choke with indignation. U.K. lung cancer deaths in 1975 were 32,879. Could arsenic have done better? **8. Elloart, Bridge House, St. Ives, Cambs.** Send a large s.a.e. and £1 for all 8 or s.a.e. plus 15p for any one.

UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

Over 400 million children in more than 60 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America are in danger of starvation.
Massive aid, both immediate and long-term, is needed now. Otherwise as many as 30% of these children will die before they are four years old, and survivors could become an entire generation of stunted, diseased, blind or mentally retarded people.
This is not special pleading. It is stark, horrible fact.

And yet just 10 UNICEF greeting cards will provide:
90 injections against smallpox
200 vitamin capsules to protect 100 children from blindness.

When you send UNICEF greeting cards this Christmas you really are sending good wishes that are worthwhile!

Send for illustrated brochure to :

Room 3, United Nations Children's Fund
84 Broomfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

A SELECTION OF GARLAND

A wallet of prints of Garland's cartoons from the New Statesman

So many of our readers have expressed their appreciation of Garland's cartoons that we have decided to issue a collection of ten prints representative of his work for the New Statesman over the past three years.

The cartoons have been selected as outstanding examples not only of Garland's skill as draughtsman but also of the wit and perception which he brings to the passing political scene.

Together they form a unique gallery of the personalities, notable and notorious, of the day.

The cartoons are printed on high quality paper, size 8½" x 12½", and each set comes in a handsome wallet and costs only £2, post free in the UK.*

Why not give Garland collections for Christmas this year? They will be ready on 5 November — so send your order now to be sure of getting your copies in good time.

**To addresses abroad the prices are £2.50 by surface mail and £3.50 by air.*

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NEW ZEALAND teacher with 4-bdrm hse & car would exchange similar in Britain or France in 1977. Reply airmail, Box 112, Coromandel, NZ.

Accommodation Vacant

QUIET ROOM FOR QUIET PERSON, Bloomsbury flat, 1 Nov.-1 Jan. at least. Share facilities, £13 incl. weekly. Box 5650.

BATTERSEA. 4th person to share house, own room. 25+. Tel. 01-228 3764.

FURNISHED s.c. grnd-floor flat. Nr Southfield stn. 2 rms, k. & b., own meters. £12.50 p.w. + rate contribution. Suit 2 quiet people. Sorry, no children/pets. Available 30 October. Please ring 789 3477.

W5. Pleasant, quiet, single bedsit. in mod. c.h. flat, nr tube & buses, share k. & b., suit male. £10.50 p.w. Box 5659.

YOUNG PERSON, male, for mixed North London flat. Phone 794 9497.

PARSONS GREEN. Attractive attic flat in family house. £15 p.w. Tel. 736 0226.

NW2. Graduate/post-grad. offered sunny, spacious attractive c.h. study-bedsit. rm, overlkg gdn. in academic household. Share kit. £15 p.w. with breakfast. 459 2876.

NW8. Sunny bedsit for young f. grad. share k. & b. £11 p.w. Box 5692.

VISITING ACADEMICS. We have a large selection of flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & London University. Helen Watson & Co. 636 5538.

COMMUNAL/CO-OPERATIVE household sks couple/individuals. Collective decision making, shared responsibilities. Co-ownership possible. Egham. Box 5657.

IN TUDOR COTTAGE, separate flat, bedsitter, sizeable kit. & bthrm. Arundel 5 miles. Middle-aged woman wanted willing to cook 4 evening meals for single person. Very reasonable terms. Tel: 01-937 1938.

WINTER LET OF COTTAGE in idyllic countryside, South Wales. Huge lounge, 2 bedrooms, on edge of forestry commission. £22 p.w. inclusive heating, cheaper if paid in one lump sum. 01-435 8271.

Distressed by hotel prices in London?

The Sloane Club, whose origins go back to 1922, is now able to accept a limited number of applications for membership.

Members are provided with a bedroom and Continental breakfast for £6.48. Lunch and Dinner: £1.75.

In addition The Sloane Room, Bar, Library, quiet rooms and 24 hours porterage are all that you would expect from a London club.

Details of membership for both Ladies and Gentlemen can be obtained by writing to the Club Secretary, quoting reference: NS 7

The Sloane Club

52 Lower Sloane Street, London SW1W 8BS

Accom. Wanted

NEW STATESMAN journalist sks flat for two, North/Cent. London. Cheap but spacious. Christopher Hitchens, c/o NS.

FEMALE GRADUATE seeks own rm in friendly shared house/flat. Easy access City. £10-ish. Sue, 588 2355 ext 648 office hrs.

AMERICAN PROF. reqs. s/c. furn. flat. Easy access British Museum. Box 5270.

OWN ROOM in flat/house for French girl, 22, teacher; on North London line between Camden Road-West Hampstead stn. Phone 549 1366 ext. 293 working hrs Mon. to Thurs. 586 5622 aft. 7 p.m. Ms Ghiles.

PAINTER, 28, recently returned from teaching university in north seeks quiet inexpensive room in house/flat with arts interested person/people, central London. Tel. 03708 2051 after 6 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL COUPLE seek room/flat in Central London. Mr Grant, 603 7898.

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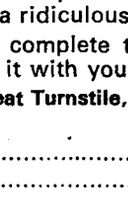

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 92 No. 2380

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Theatres

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 9 Rupert Street, W1. 01-485 6224. Opening 25 Oct. 'A-A-America' (two new plays) by Edward Bond. In repertoire 1.15 daily.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Till Sat. 5 & 8 p.m. 'Clouds' by Michael Frayn. From 3 Nov. 8 p.m. (prevs). 'A Seventh Man', a play with songs by Adrian Mitchell, music by Dave Brown.

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight & Mon. 7.45. Tomorrow 2.30 & 7.45 'Jumpers' by Tom Stoppard. Thurs. 7.45 'Force of Habit'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of performance from 8.30 a.m. Car park open eve. performances.

OLIVIER (New National Theatre) 928 2252. Tonight, Mon. & Tues. 7.30 'Playboy of the Western World' by J. M. Synge. Thurs. 7.30 'Il Campiello'. Over 130 excellent £1 seats on sale day of performance from 8.30 a.m. Car park open evening performances.

ROYAL COURT, 730 1745. *Opens 3 Nov.* Mustapha Matura's 'Rum an' Coca-cola'.

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THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 'Arsenic and Old Lace' by Joseph Kesselring, with Barbara Mullen, Mary Kerridge & Francis Matthews.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. *To 30 Oct.* John Webster's 'The Duchess of Malfi'. From 5 Nov. in repertory Molière's 'The Misanthrope', Congreve's 'Love for Love'. Det. RADA, 62 Gower St, WC1. 637 7076.

Concert

NAOMI DAVIDOV. Piano Recital. Purcell Room, (Royal Festival Hall). Tues. 2 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Programme includes Beethoven's Sonata Opus 106 'Hammerklavier', Schumann's 'Carnaval'. Tickets £1.35, £1. 75p. RFH 01-928 3191.

Entertainments

WARMINSTER ATHENAEUM: Richard Markham, 1 Nov. Keith Michell, 5 & 6 Nov. Kendall Taylor 13 Nov. Tel. Warminster 3891 a.m. only.

UNITY THEATRE, 722 9089. Members Meeting and Social. Labour Party Rooms, 8 Camden Rd, NW1, Sat. 13 Nov. 7.30 p.m.

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Meetings

A MALAYSIAN EVENING in the presence of the High Commissioner for Malaysia. Sat. 6 Nov. 6.30 for 7.30. Traditional dancing: Fashion show: Film and slides: Exhibition: Cookery competition: Sale of silver, pewter, handicrafts and orchids: Kite auction. Food by Rumah Makan for sale. *Entrance £1 (75p in advance).* Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Ave, WC2. 930 6733.

WHAT KIND OF SOCIALISM for Britain? Four days of discussion organised by the Communist Party at Imperial College Students' Union. Prince Consort Road. Thurs. 28 Oct. Tom Litterick, MP and Peter Carter on the Transition to Socialism: Fri. 7.30, all day Sat. & Sun. a.m. discussion groups on education, health, workers' control, media etc. Sun. 2 p.m. Italian, E. German & British speakers on People, Parties, State. Details: C.P., 16 King St., WC2. 01-836 2151.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Growing Points of Ergonomics' will be given by Dr Donald E. Broadbent (Department of Experimental Psychology and Fellow of Wolfson College, Oxford) on 3 November 1976 at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, London WC1 at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 2 Nov. 'English across Frontiers' by Professor Randolph Quirk: 4 Nov. 'The Age of the Earth' by Professor D. T. Donovan.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Department of German, Public Lectures, 5.30. Admission free. 3 Nov. 'The New Austrian Playwrights' by Mr Martin Esslin.

AFRICA CENTRE: 'African Leaders: Julius Nyerere', talk by Charles Meek, Perm. Sec. to Nyerere 1960-1962. Tues. 2 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Masks, Witches & Ghosts', illustrated talk by John Picton, Deputy Keeper, Museum of Mankind. Wed. 3 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Water in the Life & Mythology of the Dogon of Mali (W. Africa)', talk by Dr Hans Guggenheim, Anthropologist MIT, USA, adviser on BBC 'Tribal Eye' series. Thurs. 4 Nov. 6.30 p.m. Adm: 40p, Studs: 25p. 38 King Street, WC2. 01-836 1973.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'Play and the Developing Child', Dr Lilian Beattie. Tuesday 2 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Visitors welcome 30p (students 10p).

MAO TSETUNG, Revolutionary Leader. Speakers: Han Suyin, Graham Perry, Chairman: Felix Greene. Sat. 6 Nov., 3 p.m. *China Town Restaurant, Coventry Street,* Piccadilly. SACU and Alcys.

HONOUR THE BOLSHEVIK Revolution. Public meeting organised by the Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) to remember the first successful workers' state in the world, the greatness of Lenin and Stalin and the subsequent betrayal of the revolution by the present revisionist regime. Friday, 5 November at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn, WC1. 7.30 p.m.

YOUNG MAPAM invites you to hear Simon Hebditch of the Young Liberals speak on 'Colonel Ghadaffi's Role in the Middle East'. Sun. 31 Oct. at 8. 37 Broadhurst Gdns. NW6.

BOOK NOW for Anti-Apartheid Delegate Conference on 'Southern Africa re The British Trade Union Movement', 6 Nov. 1976, London. (Details: 01-580 5311).

BIRTH AND BEYOND. Dr R. D. Laing, Dr Frank Lake and Dr Frederick Leboyer discuss the psychological effects of birth experiences. Sun. 14 Nov. 3-6 p.m. in cent. London. Tickets £2 from the Churchill Centre, 22 Montague Street, W1. 402 9475.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1 Sat. 30 Oct. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 2 Nov. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism', Wed. 3 Nov. 6.30 p.m. - 'Mahayana & Theravada Buddhism' - two separate Study Classes. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 31 Oct. 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, book list, programme of talks. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 3AL.

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